Babooshka

She wanted to test her husband,
She knew exactly what to do,
A pseudonym to fool him,
She couldn't have made a worse move.
She sent him scented letters,
And he received them with a strange delight,
Just like his wife,
But how she was before the tears,
And how she was before the years flew by,
And how she was when she was beautiful.
She signed the letter:-

Chorus All yours, Babooshka, Babooshka, Babooshka–ya-ya

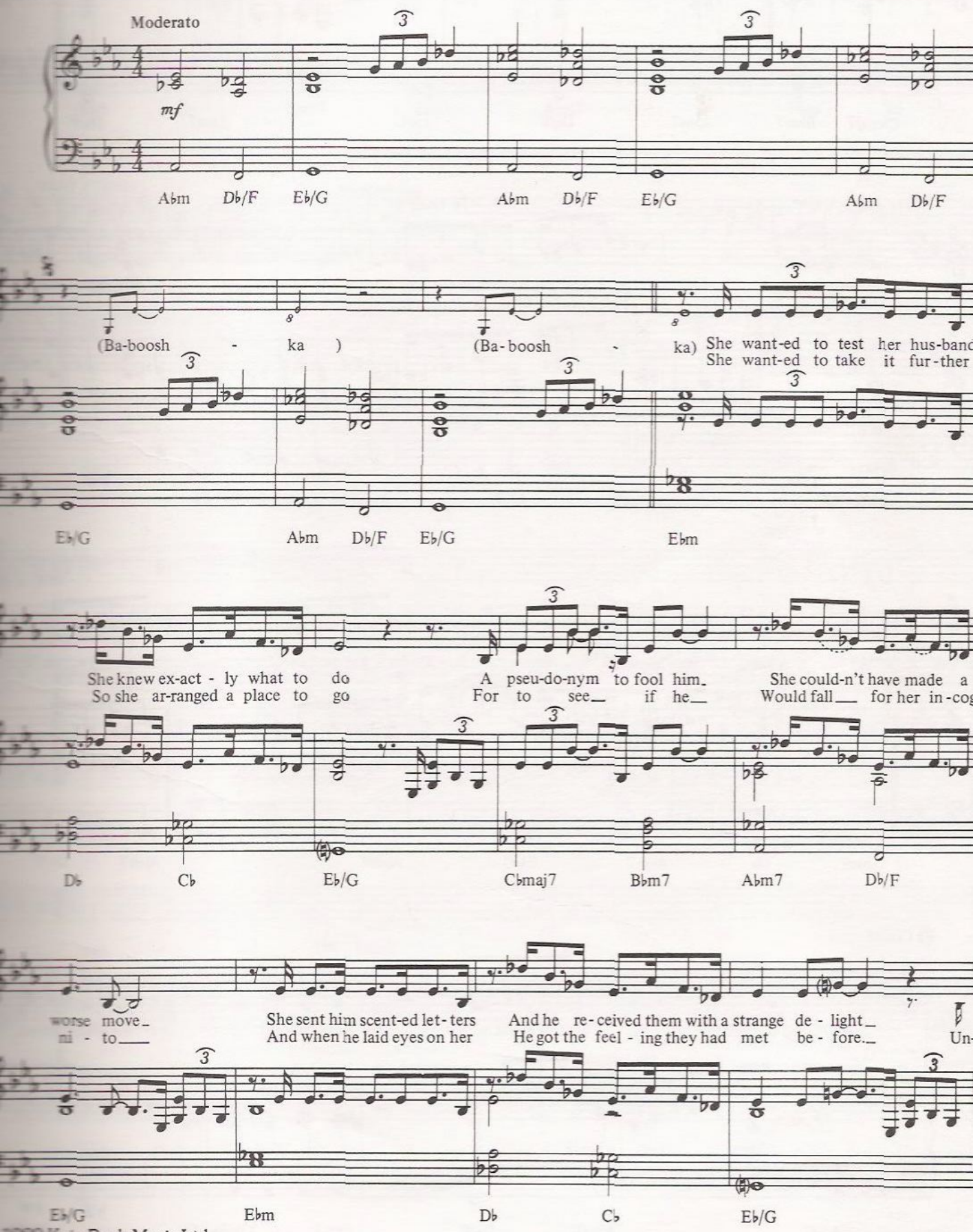
She wanted to take it further,
So she arranged a place to go,
To see if he,
Would fall for her incognito.
And when he laid eyes on her,
He got the feeling they had met before,
Uncanny how she
Reminds him of his little lady,
Capacity to give him all he needs,
Just like his wife before she freezed on him,
Just like his wife when she was beautiful,
He shouted out, I'm...

Chorus

The games we play, boredom breeds suspicion.

Babooshka

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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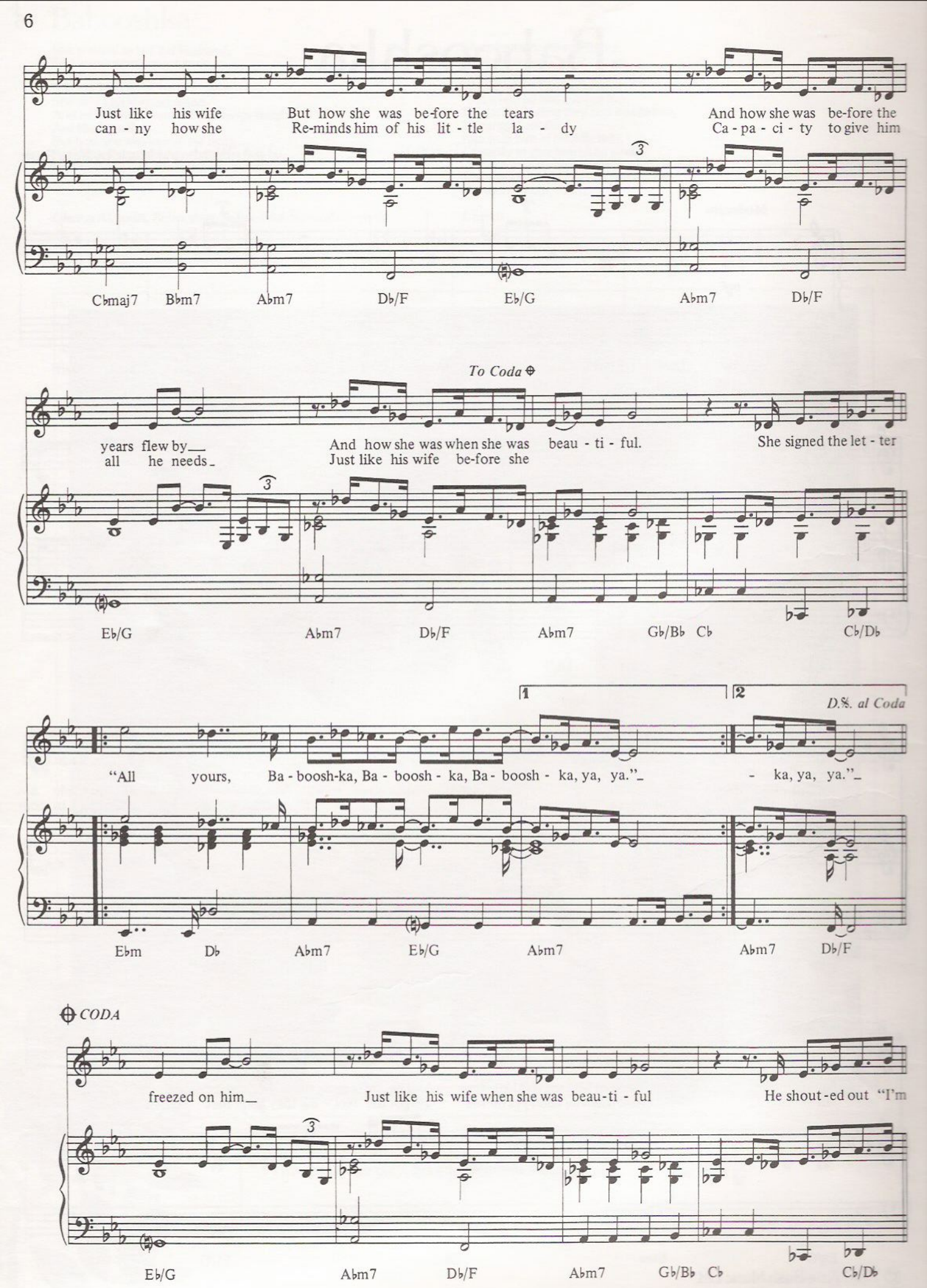
Just like his wife
can - ny how she
But how she was be-fore the tears
Re-minds him of his lit - tle la - dy
And how she was be-fore the
Ca - pa - ci - ty to give him
Cbmaj7 Bbm7 Abm7 Db/F Eb/G Abm7 Db/F
To Coda
years flew by
all he needs
And how she was when she was beau - ti - ful.
Just like his wife be-fore she
She signed the let - ter
Eb/G Abm7 Db/F Abm7 Gb/Bb Cb Cb/Db
1
2
D.S. al Coda
"All yours, Ba - boosh-ka, Ba - boosh - ka, Ba - boosh - ka, ya, ya."
- ka, ya, ya."
Ebm Db Abm7 Eb/G Abm7 Abm7 Db/F
CODA
freezed on him
Just like his wife when she was beau-ti - ful
He shout-ed out "I'm
Eb/G Abm7 Db/F Abm7 Gb/Bb Cb Cb/Db

all yours, Ba - boosh-ka, Ba - boosh - ka, ya, ya. All yours, Ba -

Ebm Db Abm7 Eb/G Abm7 Ebm Db

PLAY 4 TIMES

1-2-3 4

boosh-ka, Ba- boosh - ka, Ba - boosh - ka, ya, ya. Ba - - ka ya ya."

Abm7 Eb/G Abm7 Ebm Abm7

1 2

(Ba- boosh -

Ebm Db Abm Eb/G Abm Abm Db/F Eb/G

ka) (Ba - boosh - ka)

molto rit.

Abm Db/F Eb/G Abm Db/F Eb

Breathing

Outside gets inside, Through her skin,
I've been out before
But this time it's much safer in.
Last night, in the sky,
Such a bright light.
My radar send me danger
But my instincts tell me to
Keep Breathing

Chorus Breathing
Breathing my mother in,
Breathing, my beloved in,
Breathing, Breathing her nicotine, breathing
Breathing the fall out-in, out-in, out-in, out-in, out-in.

We've lost our chance, we're the first and last,
After the blast,
Chips of Plutonium are twinkling in ev'ry lung.
I love my beloved,
All and ev'rywhere,
Only the fools blew it,
You and me knew life itself is breathing.

Chorus

What are we going to do without
Ooh, please, let me breathe,
Quick, breathe in deep,
Leave us something to breathe,
Ooh, Life is –
Breathing.

Inspiring.... expiring.... out....

Breathing

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Slowly

Out - side gets in - side, or
We've lost our chance, we're the first and last, or

mf

Dm B♭/D D/F♯ Gm D/A

through her skin I've been out be - fore but
af - ter the blast chips of plu - to - ni - um are

Gm/B♭ D/F♯ G D/F♯

this time it's much sa - fer in. Last night
twin - kl - ing in ev - 'ry lung. I love my

Gm C/E Dm B♭/D

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in the sky, oh such a bright light
be - lov - ed, oh all and ev - 'ry - where

D/F♯ Gm D/A Gm/B♭ D/F♯ G

CHORUS

My ra - dar sends me dan-ger But my in-stincts tell me to keep } Breath - ing
On - ly the fools blew it You and me knew life it-self is

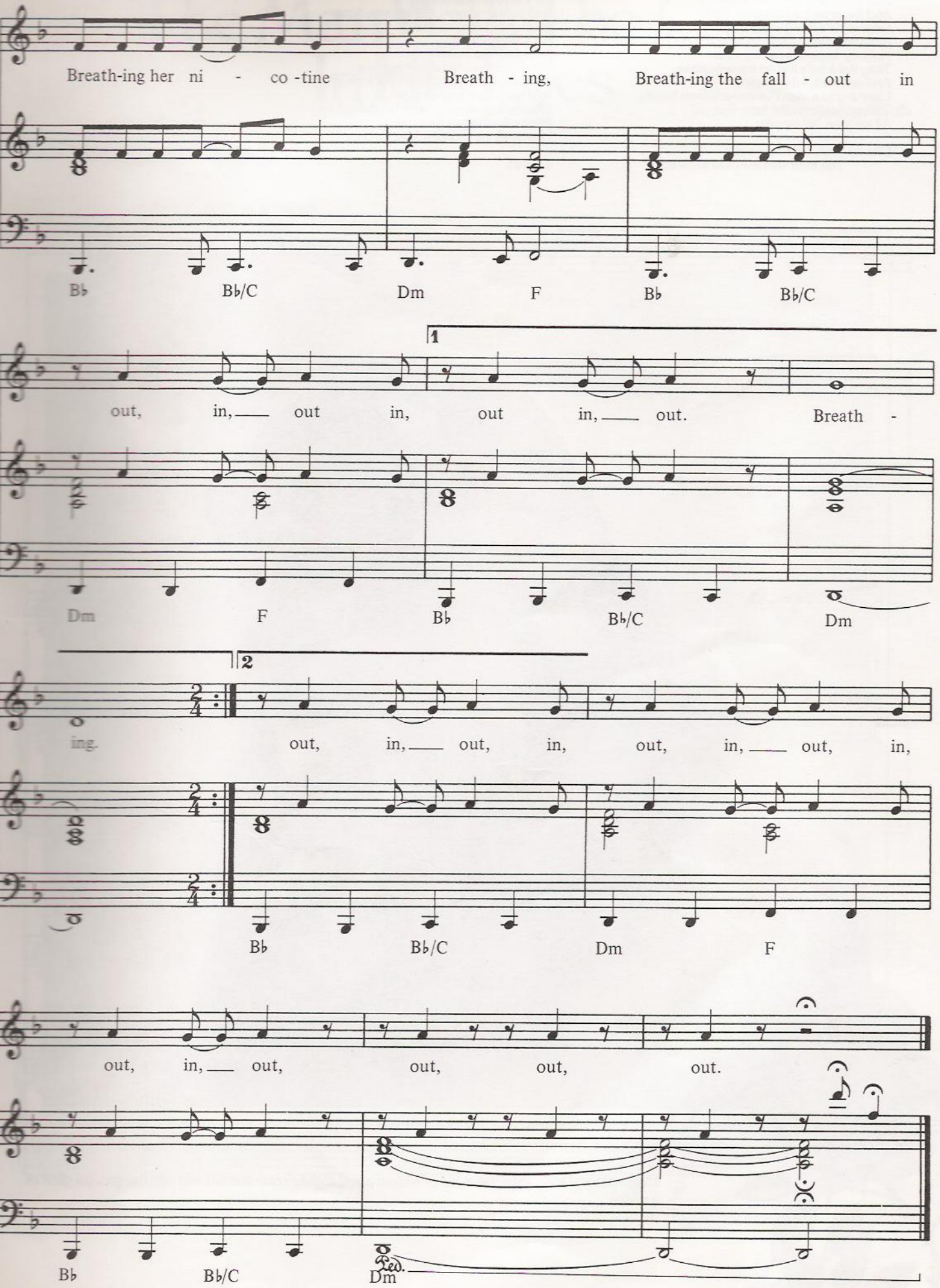
D/F♯ Gm C/E Dm F

Breath - ing, Breath-ing my moth - er in,

B♭ B♭/C Dm F B♭ B♭/C

Breath - ing My be - lov - ed in Breath - ing

Dm F B♭ B♭/C Dm F


Breath-ing her ni - co -tine Breath - ing, Breath-ing the fall - out in
B♭ B♭/C Dm F B♭ B♭/C
1
out, in, out in, out in, out. Breath -
Dm F B♭ B♭/C Dm
2
ing. out, in, out, in, out, in, out, in,
B♭ B♭/C Dm F
out, in, out, out, out, out.
B♭ B♭/C Dm
Ped.

The Man With The Child In His Eyes

I hear him before I go to sleep
And focus on the day that's been.
I realise he's there when I turn the light off
And turn over.
Nobody knows about my man
They think he's lost on some horizon.
And suddenly I find myself
Listening to a man I've never known before,
Telling me about the sea
All his love, 'till eternity.

Chorus Ooh, he's here again –
The man with the child in his eyes

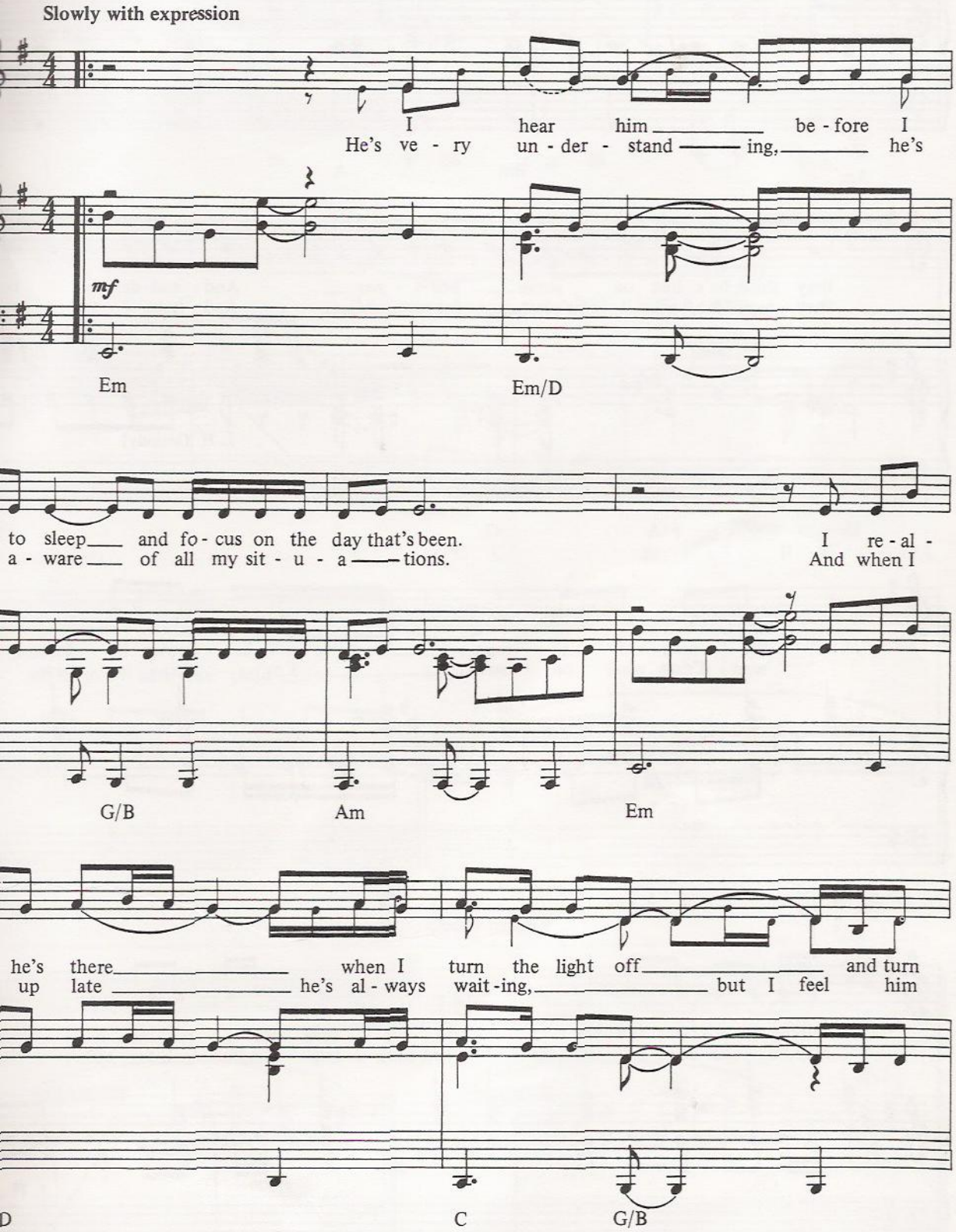
He's very understanding
And he's so aware of all my situations.
And when I stay up late
He's always waiting
But I feel him hesitate,
Oh, I'm so worried about my love
They say "No, no, it won't last forever"
And here I am again my girl,
Wondering what on earth I'm doing here,
Maybe he doesn't love me
I just took a trip on my love for him.

Chorus

Even when I look into the eyes of a man aged eighty I can sometimes see the gleeful glint of a child.

The Man With The Child In His Eyes

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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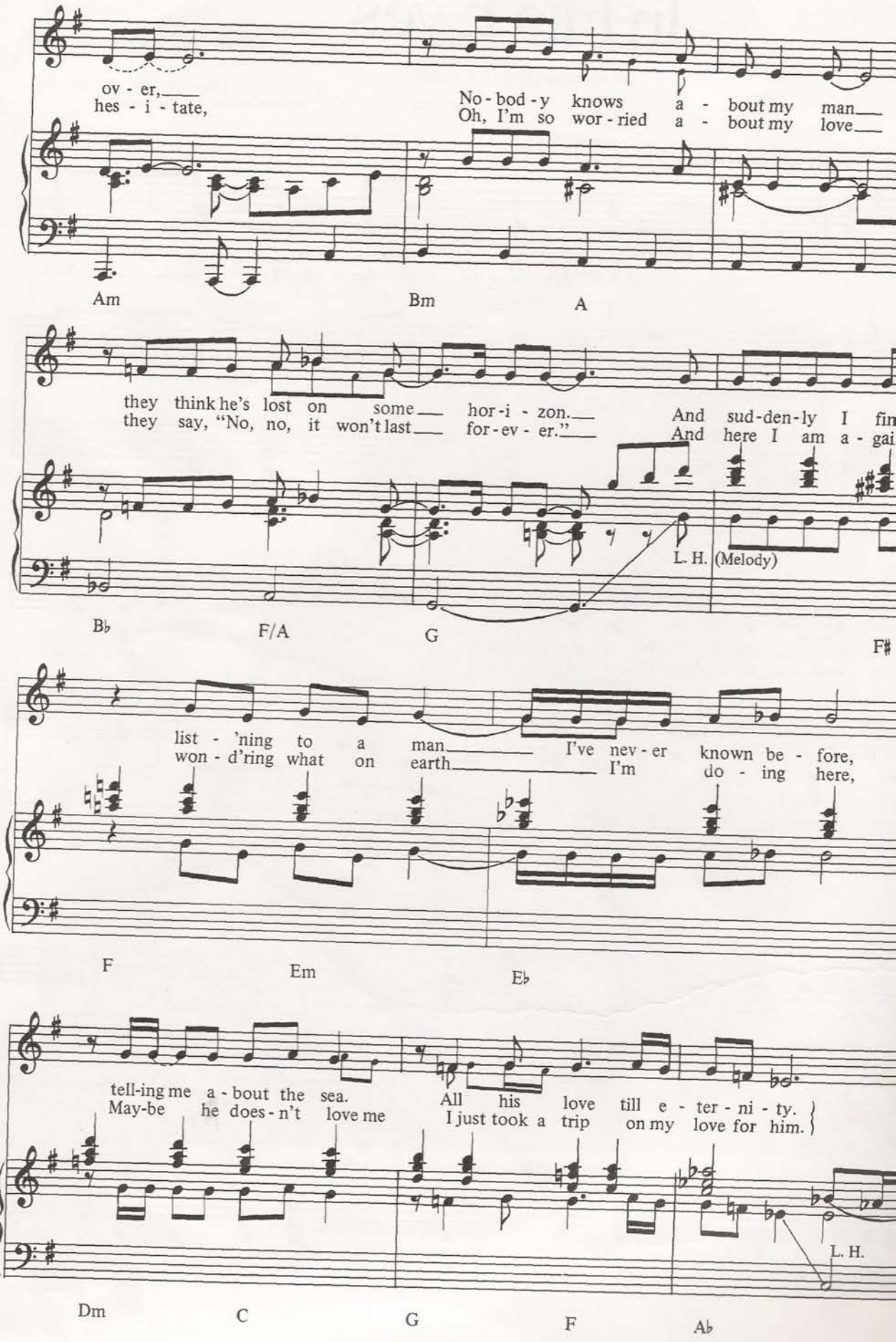
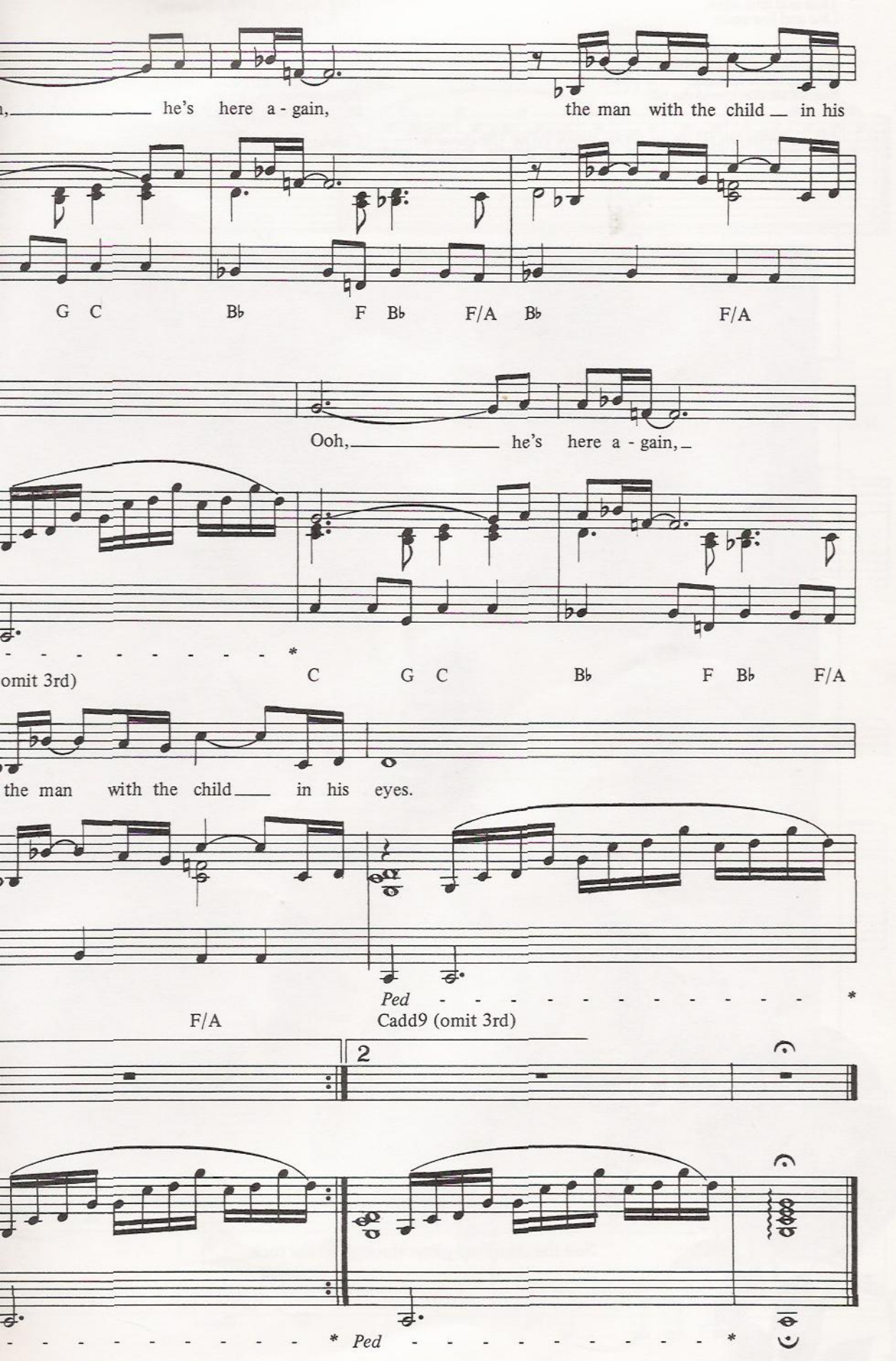

ov - er,
hes - i - tate,
No - bod - y knows a - bout my man
Oh, I'm so wor - ried a - bout my love
Am
Bm
A
they think he's lost on some hor - i - zon.
they say, "No, no, it won't last for - ev - er."
And sud - den - ly I fin
And here I am a - gai
L. H. (Melody)
B♭
F/A
G
F♯
list - 'ning to a man I've nev - er known be - fore,
won - d'ring what on earth I'm do - ing here,
F
Em
E♭
tell - ing me a - bout the sea.
May - be he does - n't love me
All his love till e - ter - ni - ty.
I just took a trip on my love for him.
L. H.
Dm
C
G
F
A♭


he's here a - gain, the man with the child in his
G C Bb F Bb F/A Bb F/A
Ooh, he's here a - gain,
omit 3rd) C G C Bb F Bb F/A
the man with the child in his eyes.
F/A
Ped
Cadd9 (omit 3rd)
2
Ped

Wow

We're all alone on the stage tonight,
We've been told we're not afraid of you,
We know all our lines so well, ah-ha,
We've said them so many times,
Time and time again,
Line and line again.

Ooh yeah, you're amazing,
We think you're incredible,
You say we're fantastic,
But still we don't head the bill,

Chorus WOW, WOW, WOW, WOW, WOW, WOW, Unbelievable.

When the actor reaches his death,
You know it's not for real, he just holds his breath,
But he always dives too soon, too fast to save himself,
He'll never make the screen,
He'll never make "the Sweeney",
Be that movie queen,
He's too busy hitting the vaseline.

Ooh yeah you're amazing,
We think you are really cool,
We'd give you a part my love,
But you'd have to play the fool.

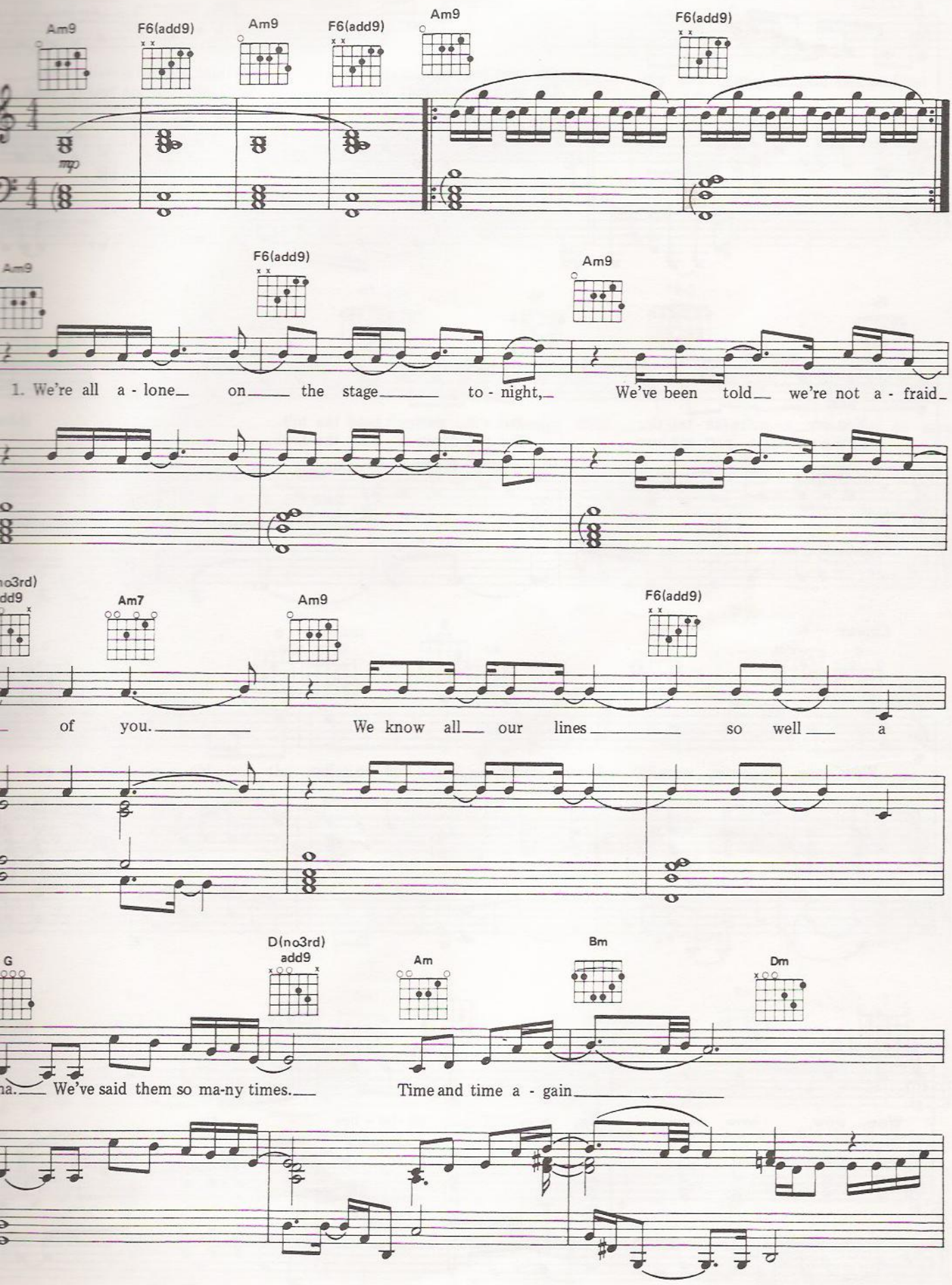
Chorus

See the diamond glitter through all the rock.

Wow

Slowly

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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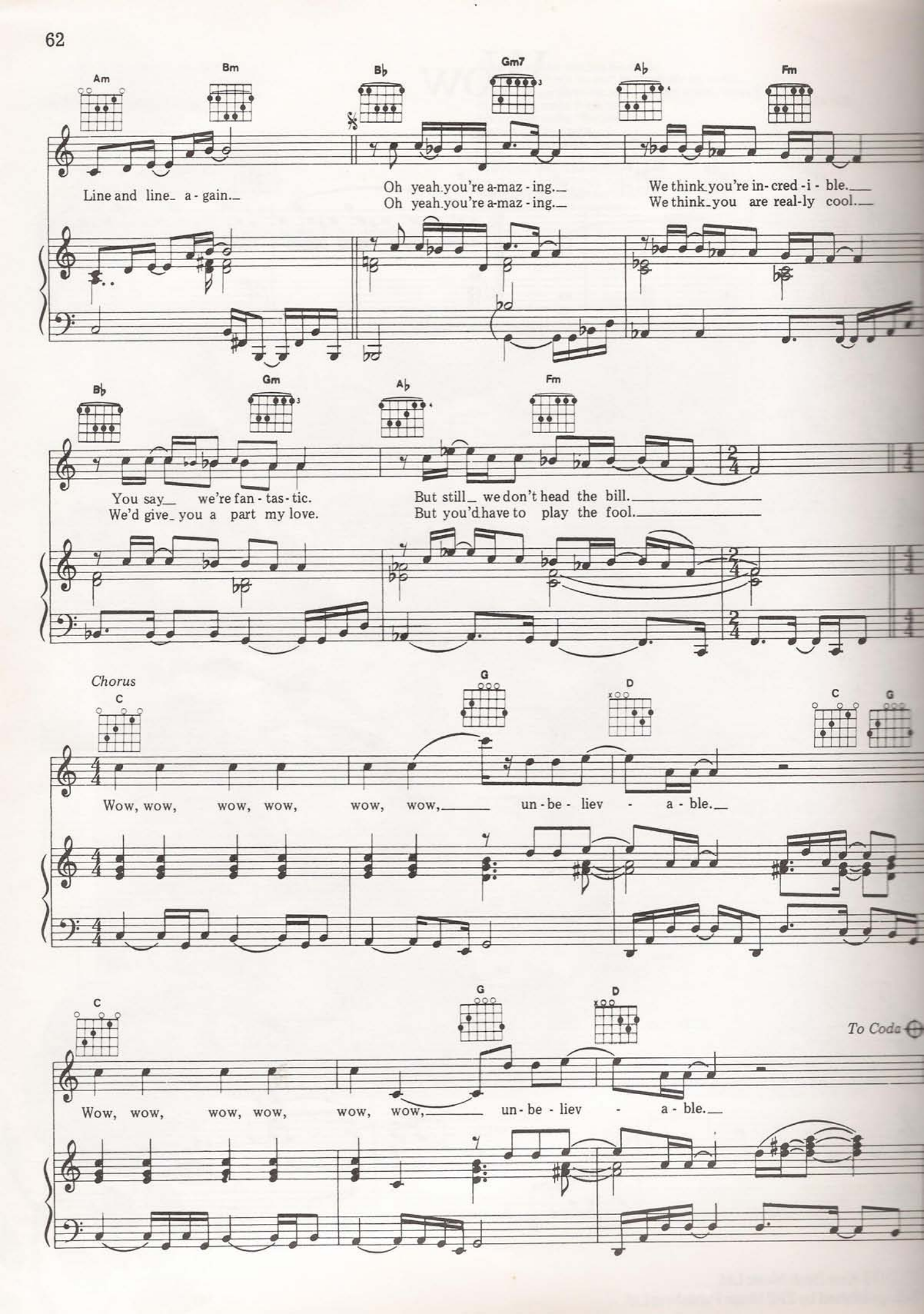
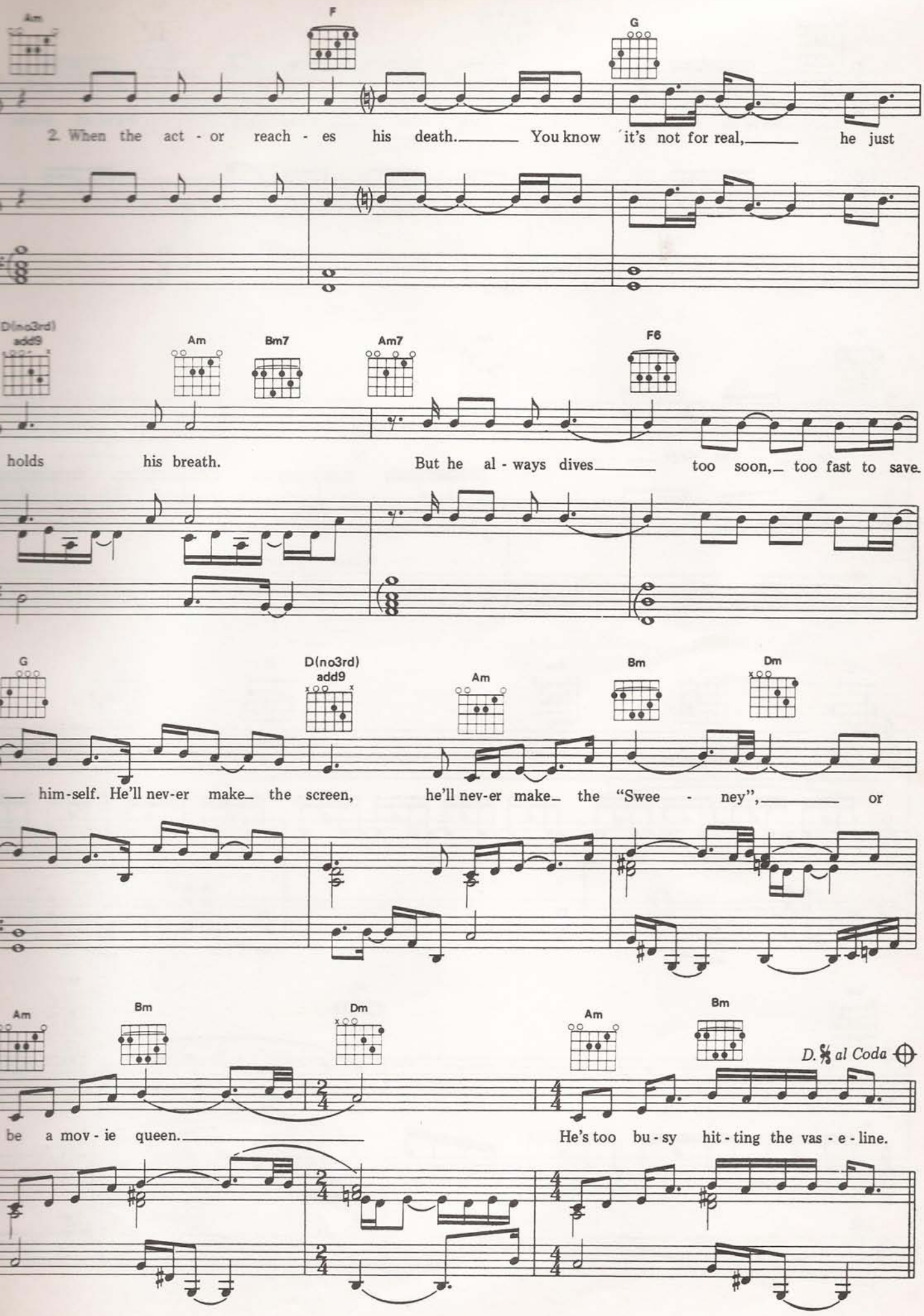
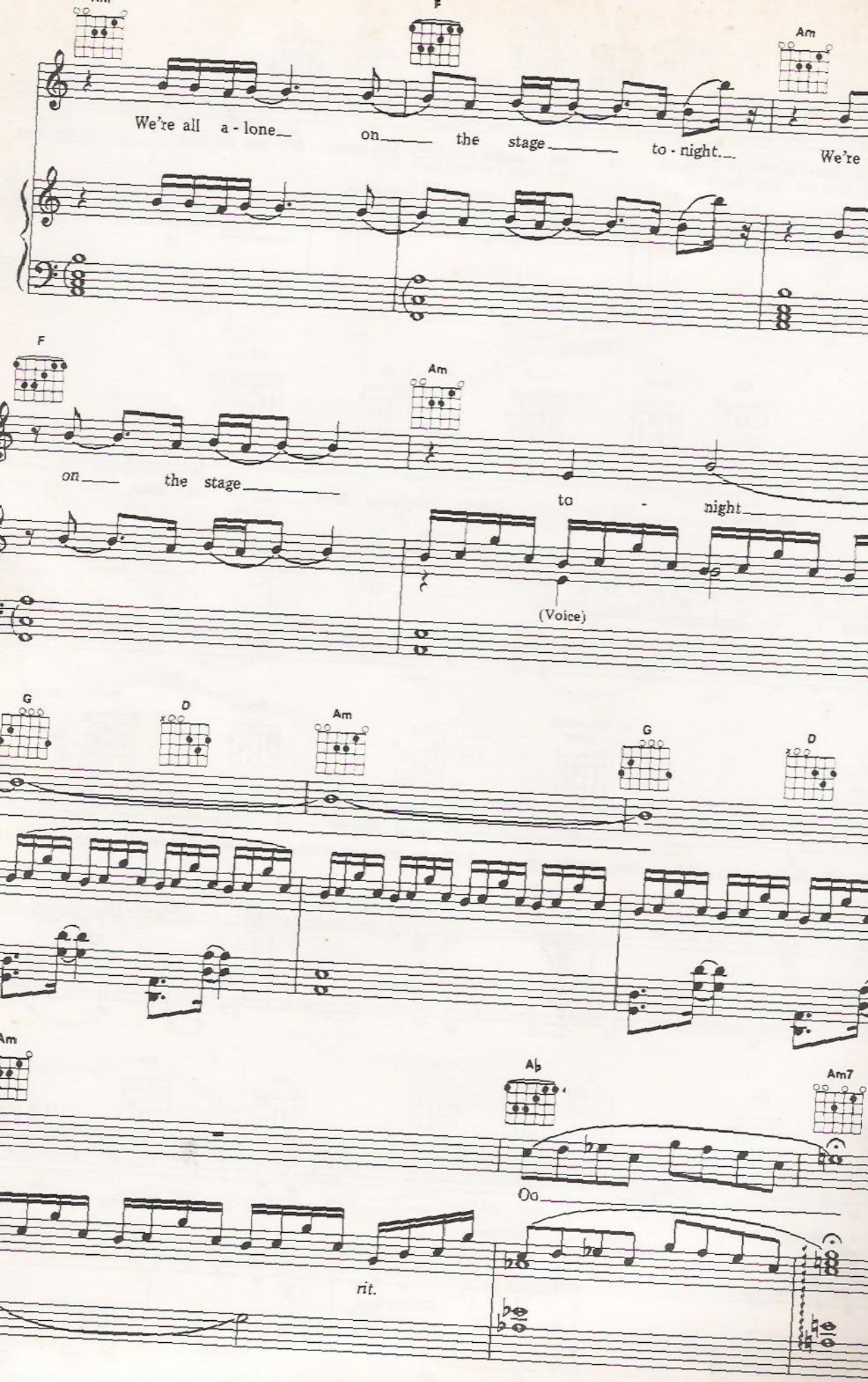

Am
Bm
B♭
Gm7
A♭
Fm
Line and line_ a - gain._
Oh yeah_you're a-maz - ing.__
Oh yeah_you're a-maz - ing.__
We think_you're in- cred - i - ble.___
We think_you are real-ly cool.___
B♭
Gm
A♭
Fm
You say__ we're fan - tas - tic.
We'd give_ you a part my love.
But still_ we don't head the bill.
But you'd have to play the fool.
Chorus
C
G
D
C
G
Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow,____ un - be - liev - a - ble.__
C
G
D
To Coda
Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow,____ un - be - liev - a - ble.__


Am
F
G
2. When the act - or reach - es his death. You know it's not for real, he just
D(no3rd) add9
Am
Bm7
Am7
F6
holds his breath. But he al - ways dives too soon, too fast to save
G
D(no3rd) add9
Am
Bm
Dm
him-self. He'll nev-er make the screen, he'll nev-er make the "Swee - ney", or
Am
Bm
Dm
Am
Bm
D.S. al Coda
be a mov - ie queen. He's too bu - sy hit - ting the vas - e - line.


Am
F
Am
We're all a - lone on the stage to - night. We're
F
Am
on the stage to - night
(Voice)
G
D
Am
G
D
Am
A♭
Am7
Oo
rit.

Wuthering Heights

Out on the winding, windy moors
We'd roll and fall in green.
You had a temper, like my jealousy
Too hot, too greedy
How could you leave me
When I needed to possess you?
I hated you, I loved you too.

Bad dreams in the night
They told me I was going to lose the fight
Leave behind my Wuthering, Wuthering
Wuthering Heights.

Chorus Heathcliff, it's me I'm Cathy I've come home and
I'm so cold, let me in your window.

Oh it gets dark, it gets lonely
On the other side from you.
I pine a lot, I find the lot
Falls through without you.
I'm coming back love, cruel Heathcliff,
My one dream, my only master

Too long I roam in the night,
I'm coming back to his side to put it right.
I'm coming home to Wuthering, Wuthering
Wuthering Heights

Chorus

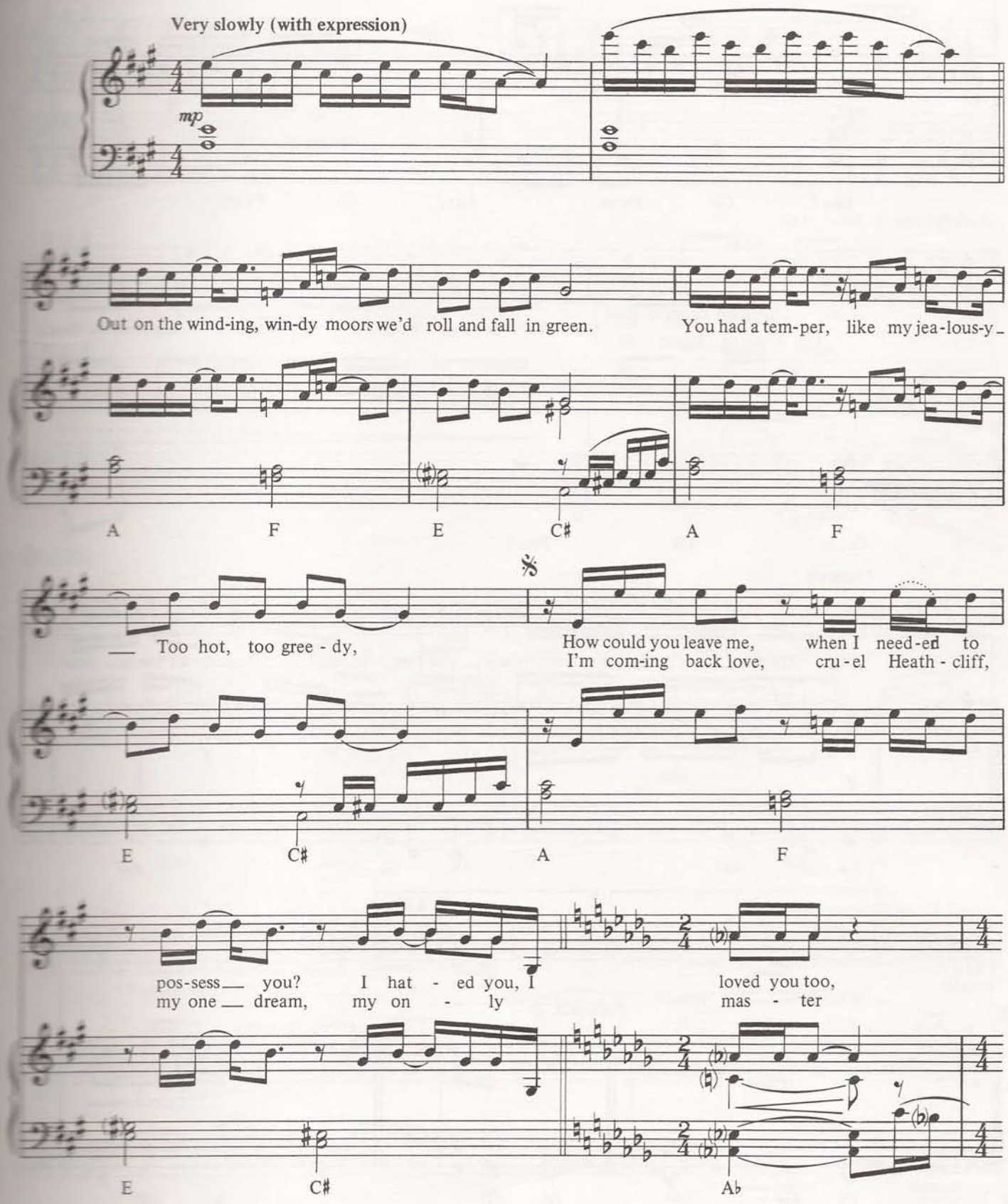
Oh let me have it, let me grab your soul away
Oh let me have it, let me grab your soul away
You know it's me, Cathy.

Chorus

Cathy will live on as a force, I was lucky she stopped in me long enough to write a song.

Wuthering Heights

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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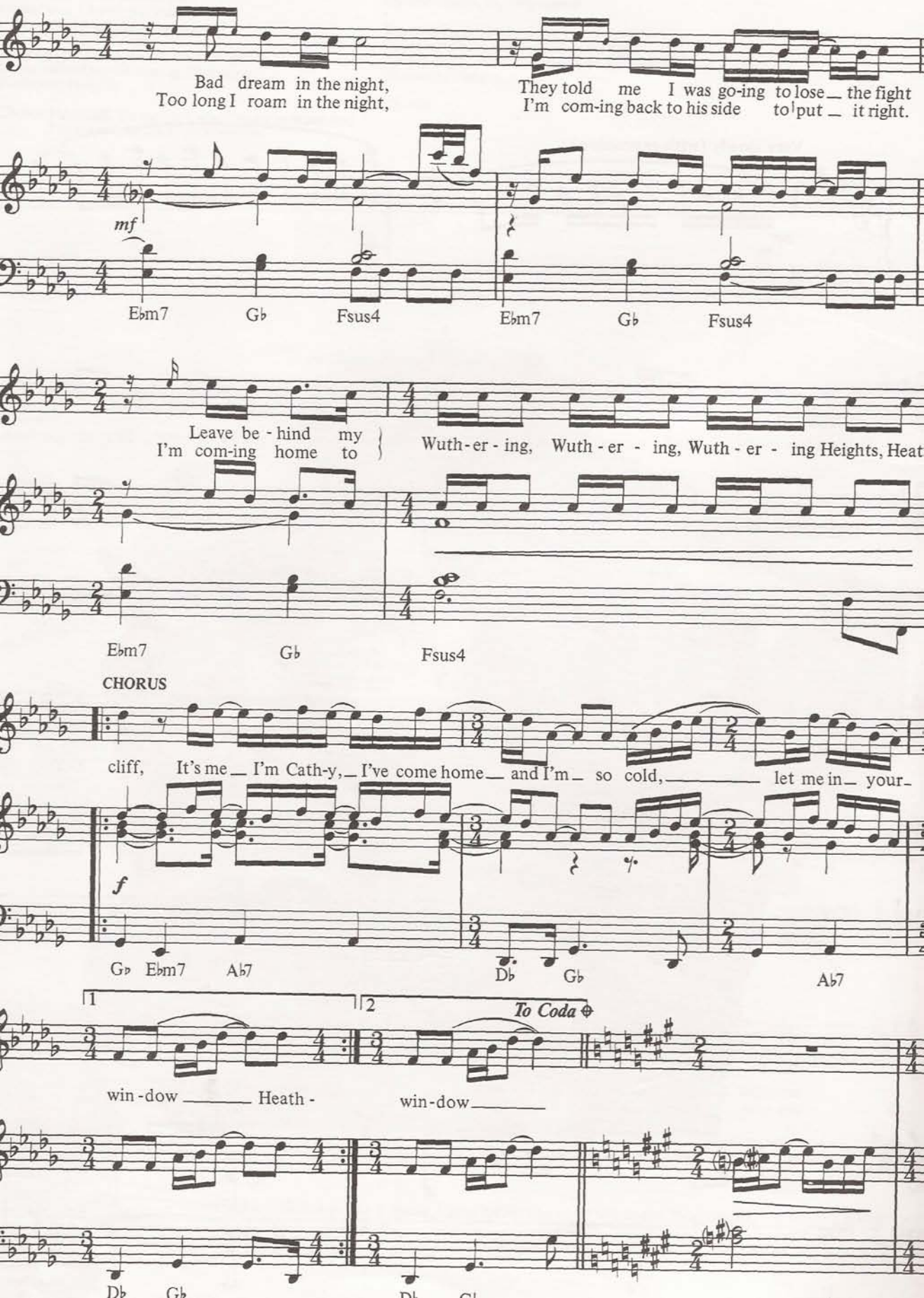

Bad dream in the night,
Too long I roam in the night,
They told me I was go-ing to lose the fight
I'm com-ing back to his side to put it right.
mf
Ebm7 Gb Fsus4 Ebm7 Gb Fsus4
Leave be - hind my
I'm com-ing home to
Wuth-er - ing, Wuth - er - ing, Wuth - er - ing Heights, Heat
Ebm7 Gb Fsus4
CHORUS
cliff, It's me I'm Cath-y, I've come home and I'm so cold, let me in your-
f
Gb Ebm7 Ab7 Db Gb Ab7
1
2
To Coda
win-dow Heath-
win-dow
Db Gb

Oh! It gets dark, it gets lone - ly, On the oth-er side from you.

F E C#

D.S. (with repeats) al Co

I pine a lot, I find the lot falls through with-out you.

A F E C#

CODA

Oh! Let me have it, let me grab your soul a - way.

Bbm Ab Gb Ebm Db

To Chorus and repeat till fade

You know it's me, Cath - y. Heath

Bbm Gb Bbm

December Will Be Magic Again

Verse 1.

December will be magic again.
Take a husky to the ice
While Bing Crosby sings "White Christmas",
He makes you feel nice.
December will be magic again.
Old Saint Nicholas up the chimney,
Just a-popping up in my memory.

Chorus Ooh dropping down in my parachute
The white city she is so beautiful.
Upon the black soot icicled roofs
Ooh and see how I fall,
Ooh see how I fall.
(Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo
Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo.)
Like the snow.

Interlude

Come to cover the lovers.
But don't you wake them up.
Come to sparkle the dark up
With just a touch of make up.
Come to cover the muck up
Ooh with a little luck.

Verse 2.

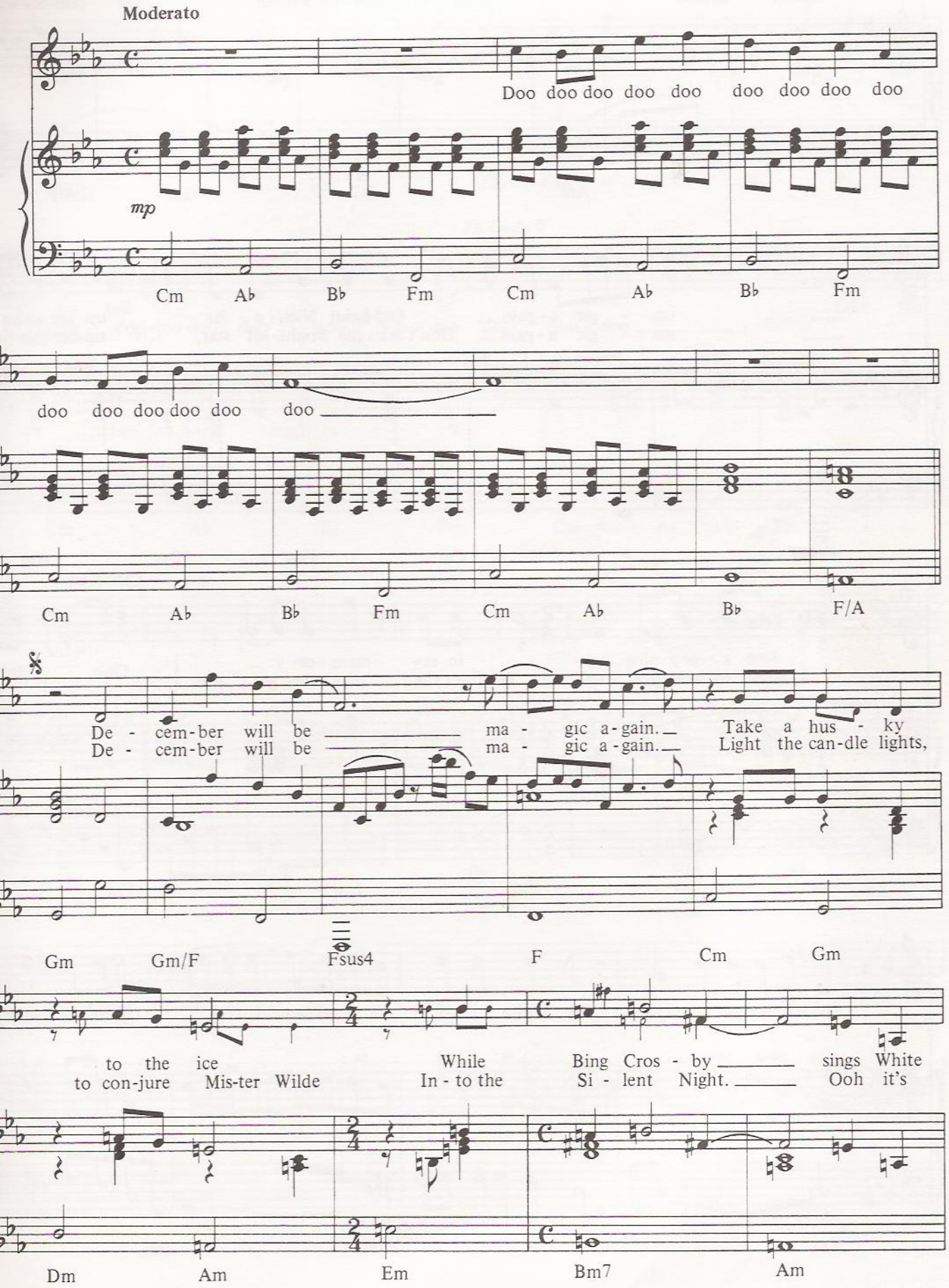
December will magic again.
Light the candle lights to conjure Mister Wilde
Into the silent night. Ooh it's quiet inside
Here in Oscar's mind.
December will be magic again.
Don't miss the brightest star, kiss under the mistleto
I want to hear you laugh, don't let the mystery go n

Chorus

Remember when you couldn't sleep from the excitement of the Eve, and it was alwa
white even without snow? That's when it was fun.

December Will Be Magic Again

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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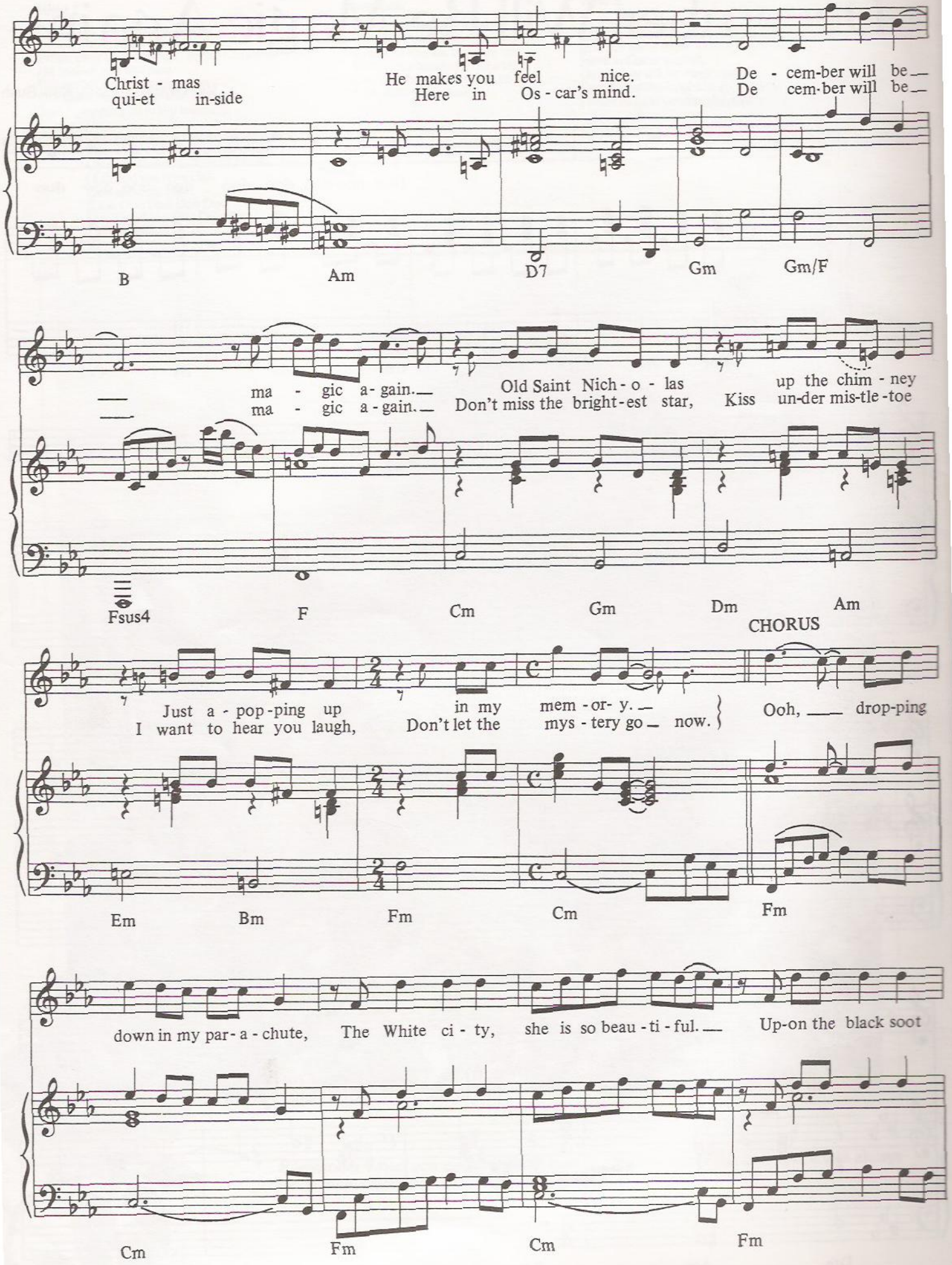
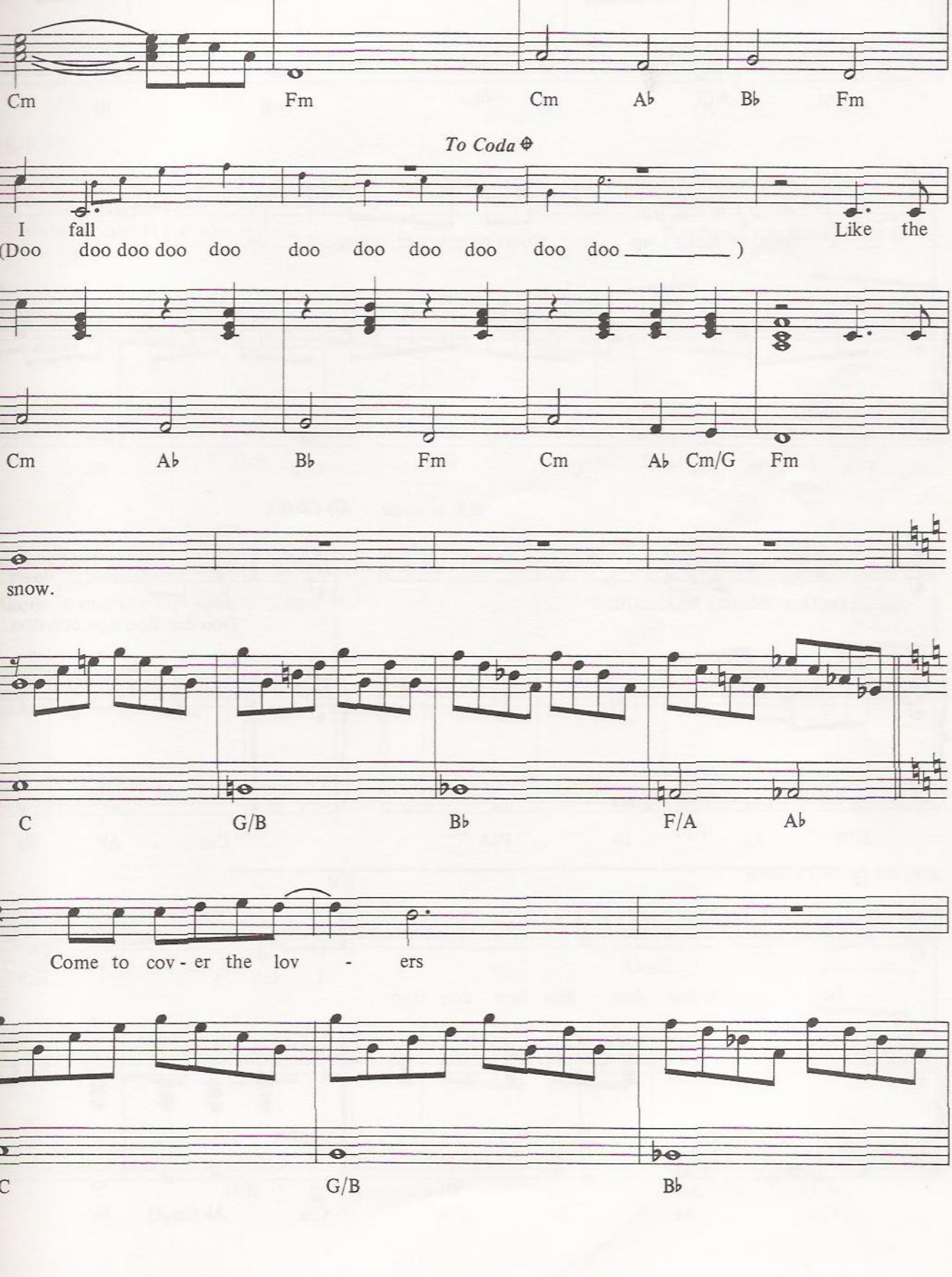
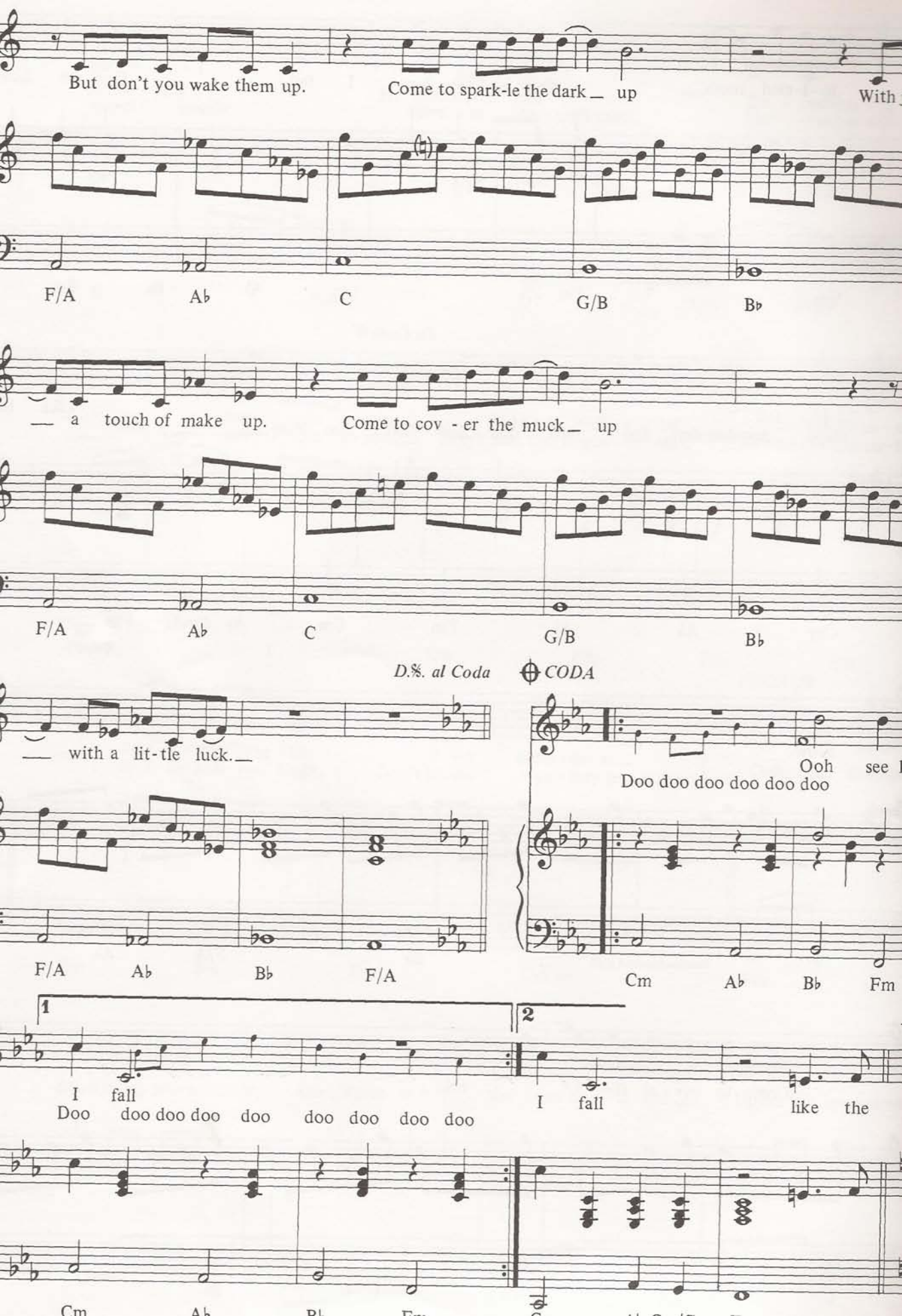
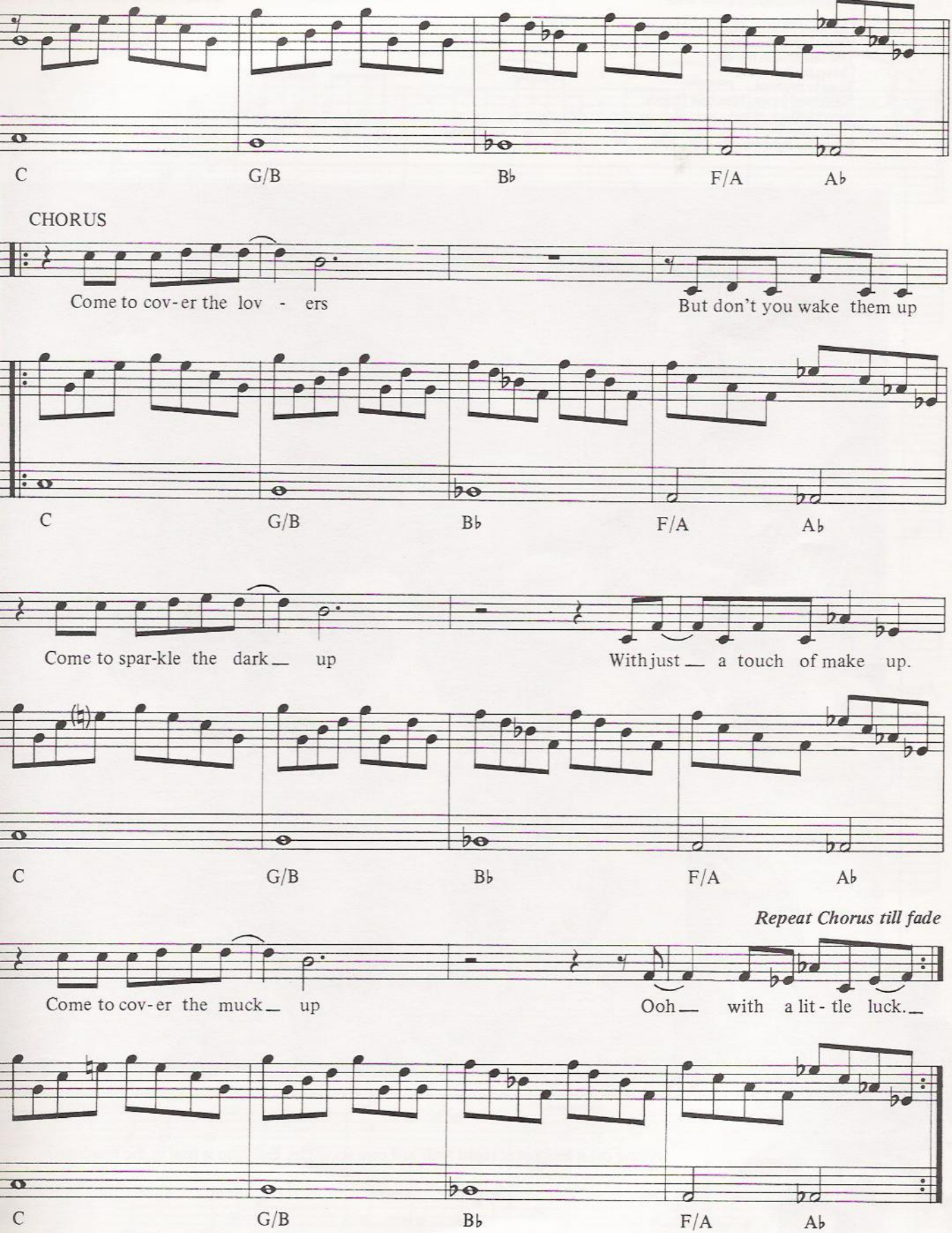

Christ - mas
qui-et in-side
He makes you feel nice.
Here in Os - car's mind.
De - cem-ber will be
De cem-ber will be
B
Am
D7
Gm
Gm/F
ma - gic a - gain.
ma - gic a - gain.
Old Saint Nich - o - las
Don't miss the bright - est star,
up the chim - ney
Kiss un-der mis-tle -toe
Fsus4
F
Cm
Gm
Dm
Am
CHORUS
Just a - pop - ping up
I want to hear you laugh,
in my mem - or - y.
Don't let the mys - tery go now.
Ooh, drop-ping
Em
Bm
Fm
Cm
Fm
down in my par - a - chute,
The White ci - ty,
she is so beau - ti - ful.
Up-on the black soot
Cm
Fm
Cm
Fm


Cm Fm Cm A♭ B♭ Fm
To Coda
I fall Like the
(Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo _____)
Cm A♭ B♭ Fm Cm A♭ Cm/G Fm
snow.
C G/B B♭ F/A A♭
Come to cov - er the lov - ers
C G/B B♭


But don't you wake them up.
Come to spark-le the dark _ up
With
F/A
Ab
C
G/B
Bb
_ a touch of make up.
Come to cov - er the muck _ up
F/A
Ab
C
G/B
Bb
D.S. al Coda
CODA
_ with a lit-tle luck._
Ooh see
Doo doo doo doo doo doo
F/A
Ab
Bb
F/A
Cm
Ab
Bb
Fm
1
2
I fall
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
I fall
like the
Cm
Ab
Bb
Fm


C G/B B♭ F/A A♭
CHORUS
Come to cov-er the lov - ers
But don't you wake them up
C G/B B♭ F/A A♭
Come to spar-kle the dark up
With just a touch of make up.
C G/B B♭ F/A A♭
Repeat Chorus till fade
Come to cov-er the muck up
Ooh with a lit-tle luck.
C G/B B♭ F/A A♭

Hammer Horror

You stood in the Belltower,
But now you're gone.
So who knows all the sights
Of Nôtre Dame?

They've got the stars for the gallant hearts,
I'm the replacement for your part,
But all I want to do is forget you friend.

Chorus Hammer Horror, Hammer Horror,
Won't leave me alone.
The first time in my life,
I keep the lights on,
To ease my soul.
Hammer Horror, Hammer Horror,
Won't leave it alone,
I don't know –
Is this the right thing to do?

Rehearsing in your things,
I feel guilty,
And retracing all the scenes,
Of your big hit,

Oh God, you needed the leading role,
It wasn't me who made you go, though,
Now all I want to do is forget you, friend.

Chorus

Who calls me from the other side,
Of the street?
And who taps me on the shoulder?
I turn around, but you're gone.

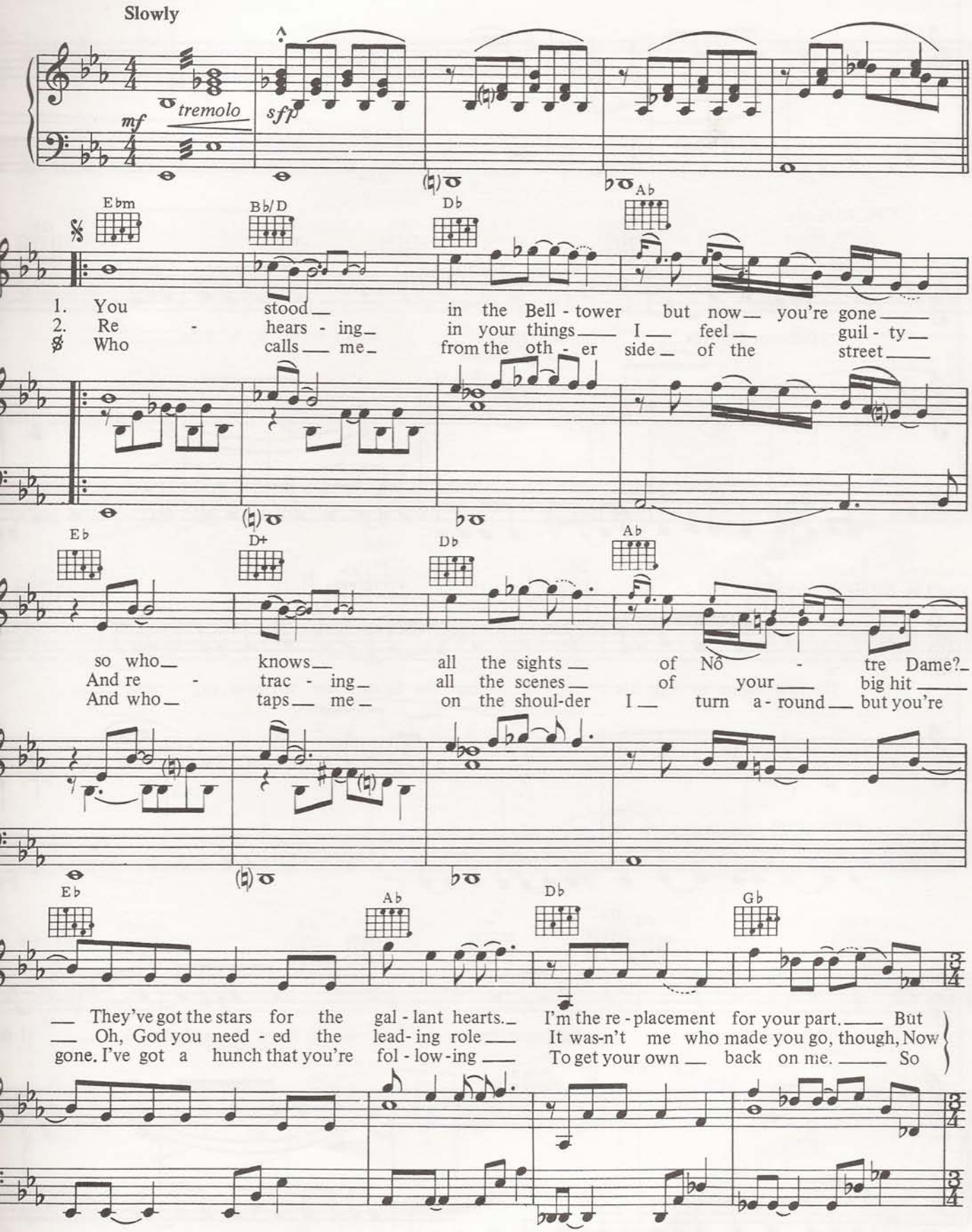
I've got a hunch that you're following,
To get your own back on me
So all I want to do is forget you, friend.

Chorus

Alone on a film set at night with just one spotlight. But who is that in the shadows?

Hammer Horror

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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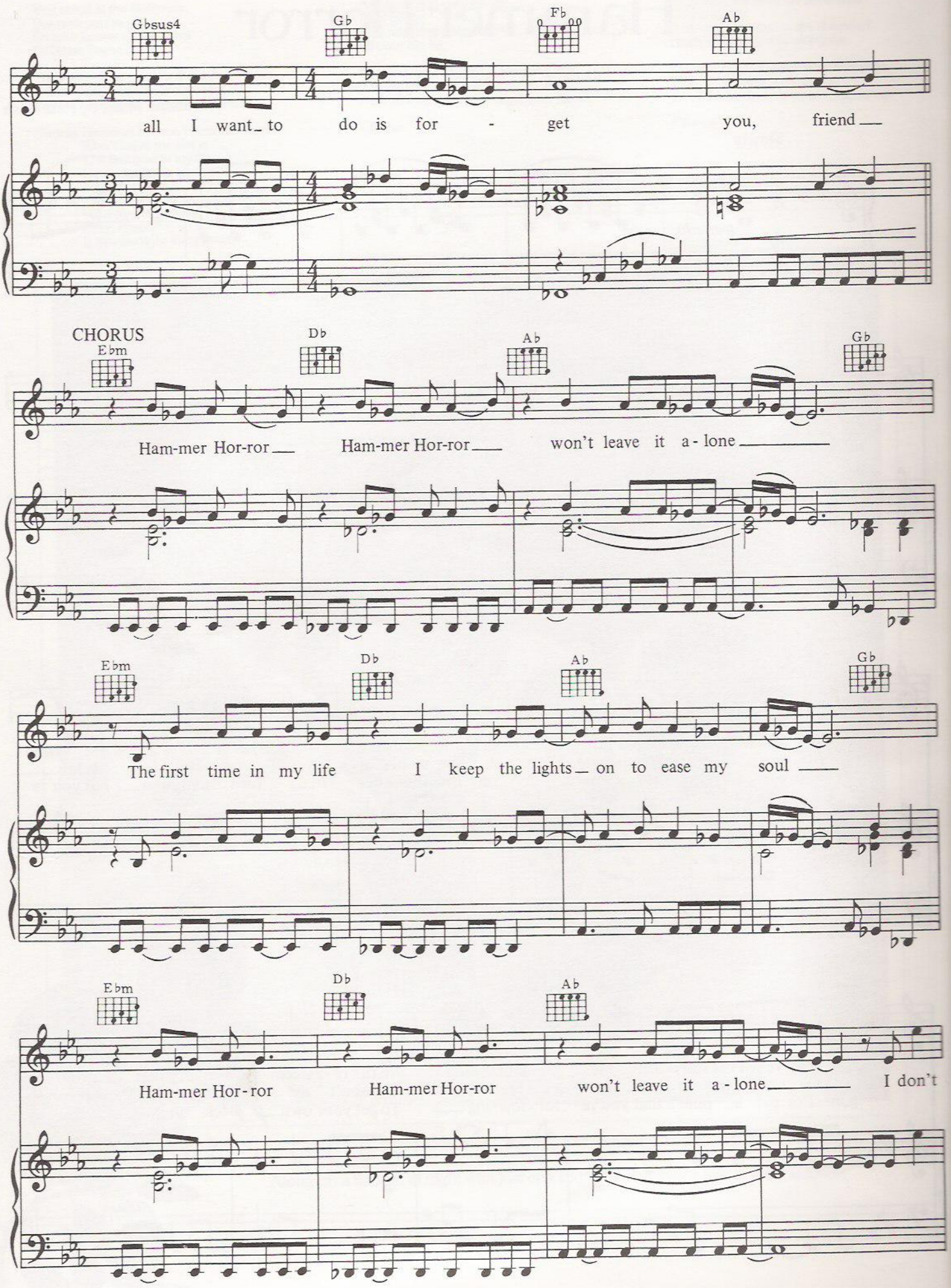
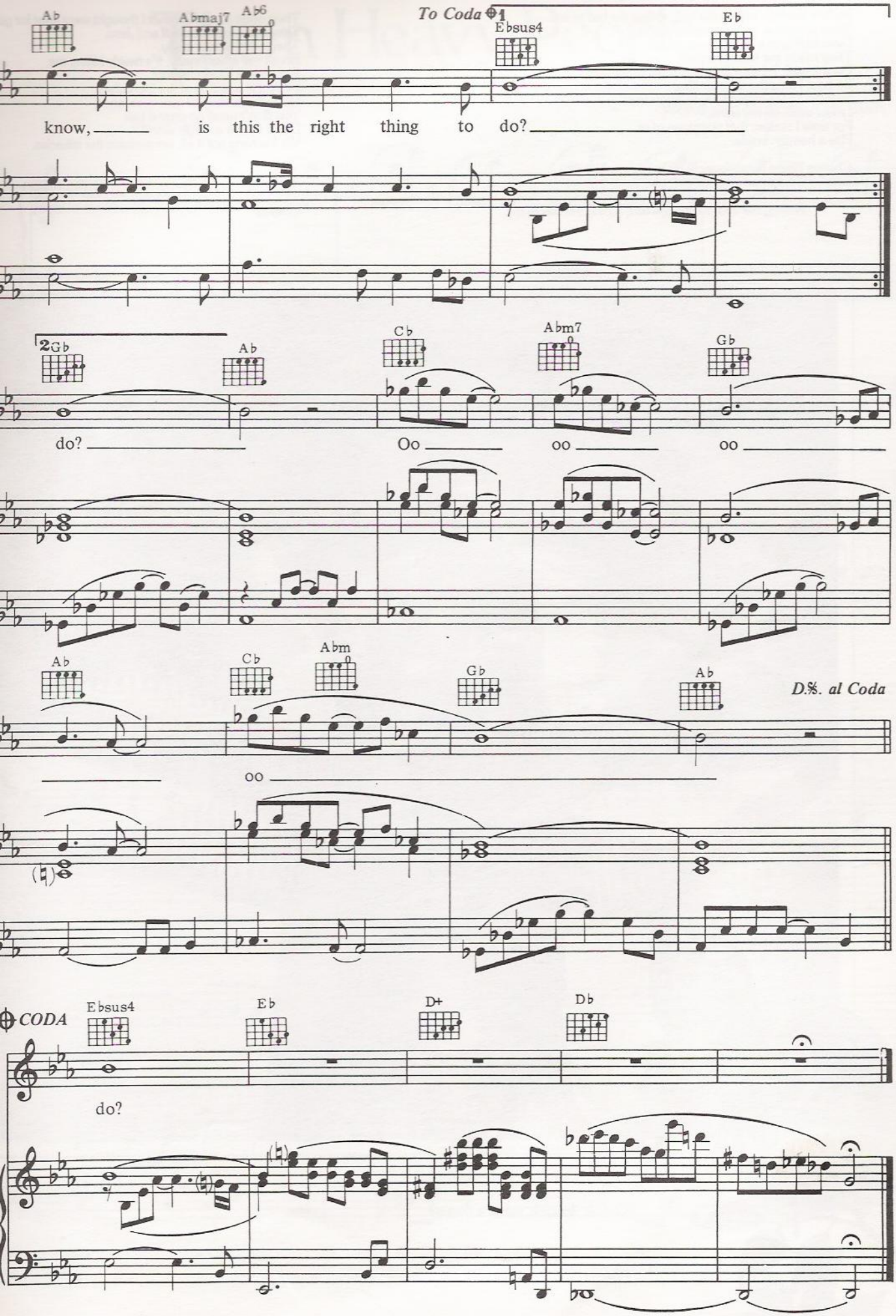

Gbsus4
Gb
Fb
Ab
all I want to do is for - get you, friend
CHORUS
Ebm
Db
Ab
Gb
Ham-mer Hor-ror Ham-mer Hor-ror won't leave it a-lone
Ebm
Db
Ab
Gb
The first time in my life I keep the lights on to ease my soul
Ebm
Db
Ab
Ham-mer Hor-ror Ham-mer Hor-ror won't leave it a-lone I don't


Ab
Abmaj7
Ab6
To Coda
1
Ebsus4
Eb
know, is this the right thing to do?
2
Gb
Ab
Cb
Abm7
Gb
do?
Oo
oo
oo
Ab
Cb
Abm
Gb
Ab
D.S. al Coda
oo
CODA
Ebsus4
Eb
D+
Db
do?

Them Heavy People

Rolling the ball, rolling the ball, rolling the ball to me.
They arrived at an inconvenient time,
I was hiding in a room in my mind.
They made me look at myself;
I saw it well, I'd shut the people out of my life.
So now I take the oportunities.
Wonderful teachers ready to teach me
I must work on my mind.
For now I realise, that everyone of us
Has a heaven inside.

Chorus Them heavy people hit me in a soft spot.
Them heavy people hit me.
Them heavy people hit me in a soft spot.
Rolling the ball, rolling the ball, rolling the ball to me.

They open doorways that I thought were shut for good.
They read me Gurdjieff and Jesu.
They build up my body.
Break me emotionally, it's nearly killing me,
But what a lovely feeling!
I love the whirling of the Dervishes.
I love the beauty of rare innocence.
You don't need no crystal ball
Don't fall for a magic wand,
We humans got it all, we perform the miracles.

Chorus

Knock, knock, who's there?

Them Heavy People

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Moderato

Roll-ing the ball. Roll-ing the ball. Roll-ing the ball to me.

A♭ E♭m A♭ E♭m A♭ E♭m D♭

VERSE

1. They ar- rived at an in-con - ve- ni-ent time, I was hid -ing in a room in my mind.

D♭ A♭ G♭ D♭ A♭ G♭

They made me look at my- self, I saw it well. I'd shut the peo-ple out of my life.

D♭ A♭/C A♭ E♭ B♭/D B♭ G♭ Fm7 B♭

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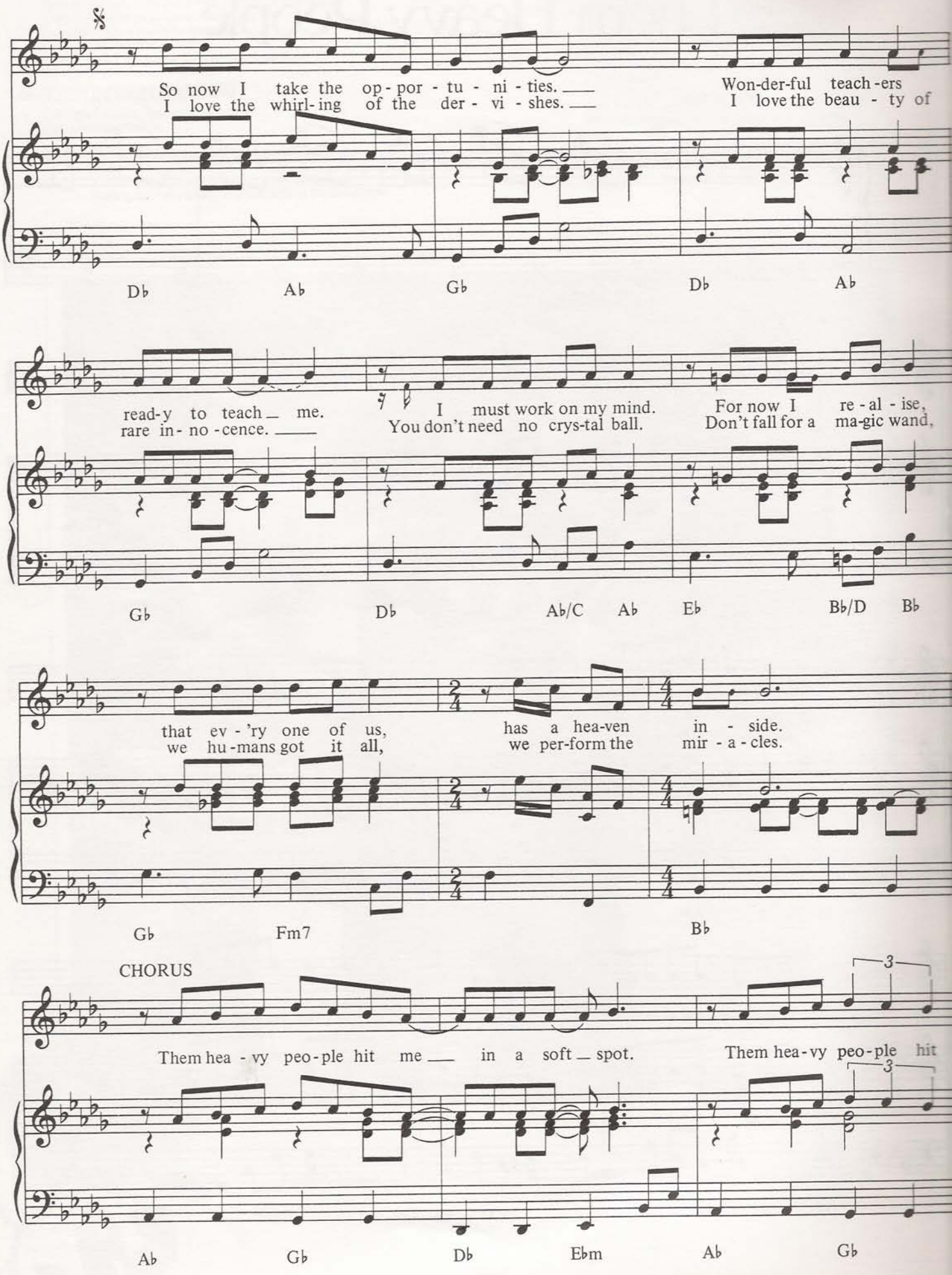
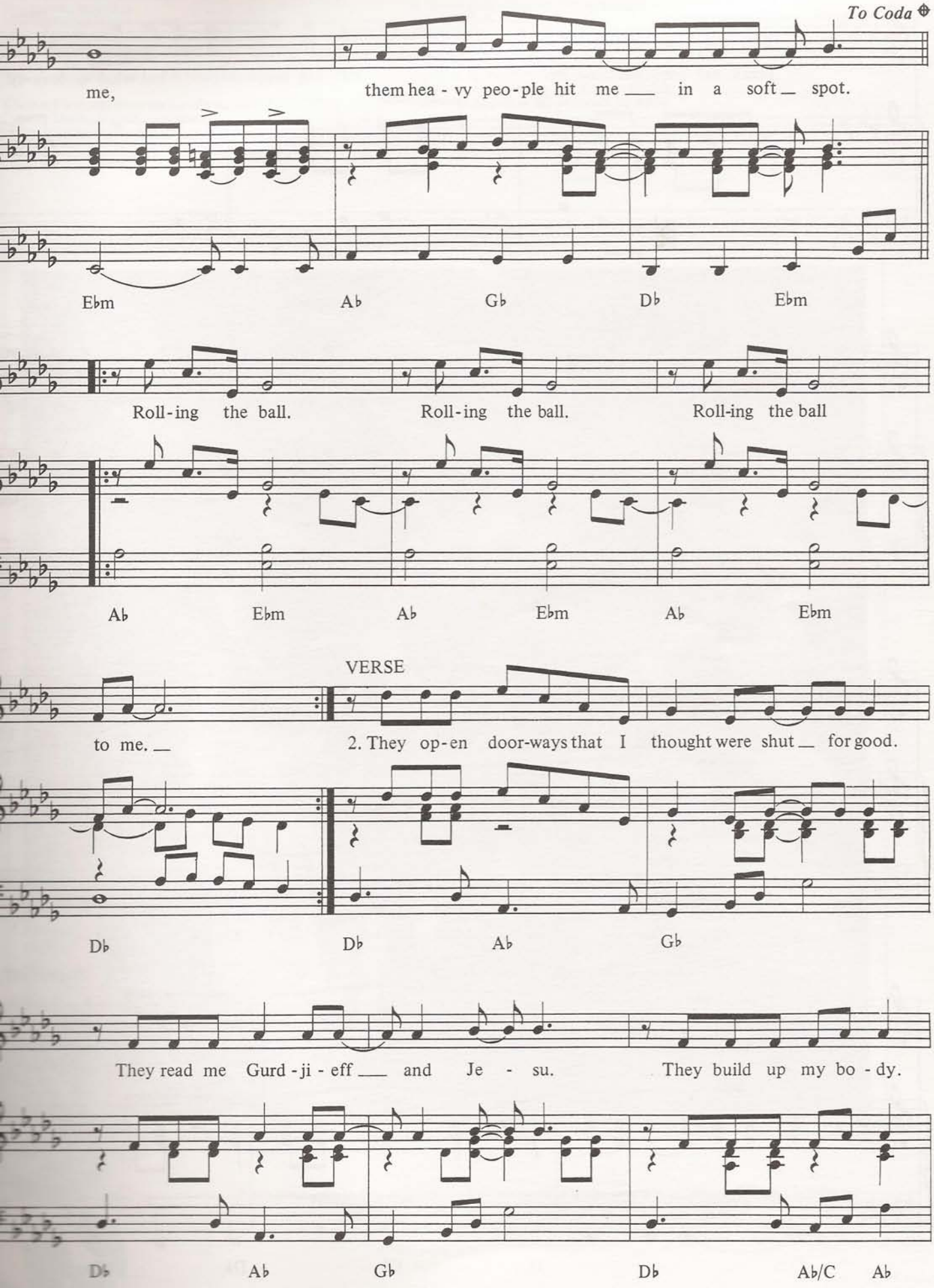
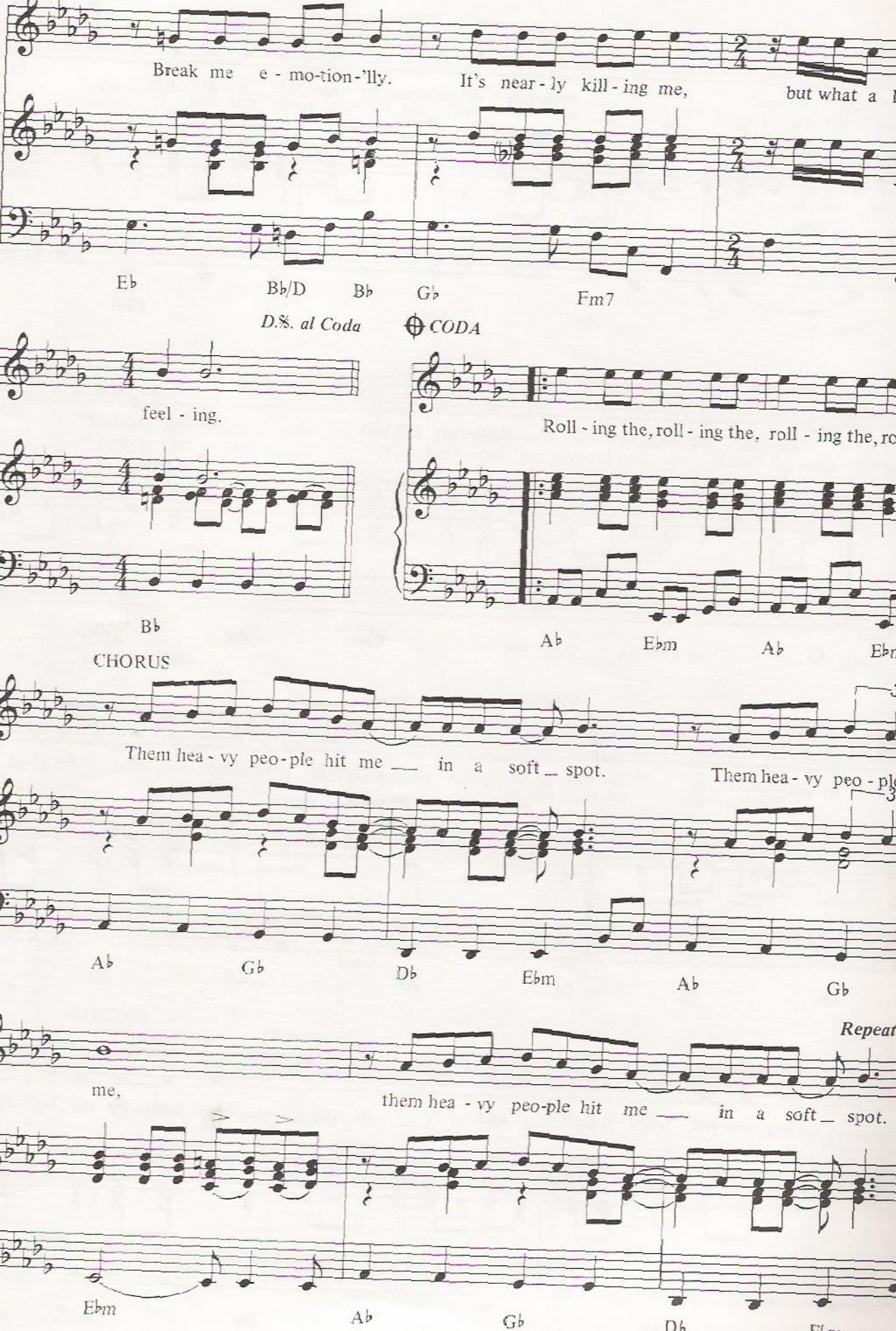

So now I take the op-por-tu-ni-ties.
I love the whirl-ing of the der-vi-shes.
Won-der-ful teach-ers
I love the beau-ty of
Db Ab Gb Db Ab
read-y to teach me.
rare in-no-cence.
I must work on my mind.
You don't need no crys-tal ball.
For now I re-al-ise,
Don't fall for a ma-gic wand,
Gb Db Ab/C Ab Eb Bb/D Bb
that ev-'ry one of us,
we hu-mans got it all,
has a hea-ven in-side.
we per-form the mir-a-cles.
Gb Fm7 Bb
CHORUS
Them hea-vy peo-ple hit me in a soft spot.
Them hea-vy peo-ple hit
Ab Gb Db Ebm Ab Gb


To Coda
me,
them hea - vy peo - ple hit me ___ in a soft _ spot.
Ebm
Ab
Gb
Db
Ebm
Roll - ing the ball.
Roll - ing the ball.
Roll-ing the ball
Ab
Ebm
Ab
Ebm
Ab
Ebm
VERSE
to me. _
2. They op - en door-ways that I thought were shut _ for good.
Db
Db
Ab
Gb
They read me Gurd - ji - eff ___ and Je - su.
They build up my bo - dy.
Db
Ab
Gb
Db
Ab/C
Ab

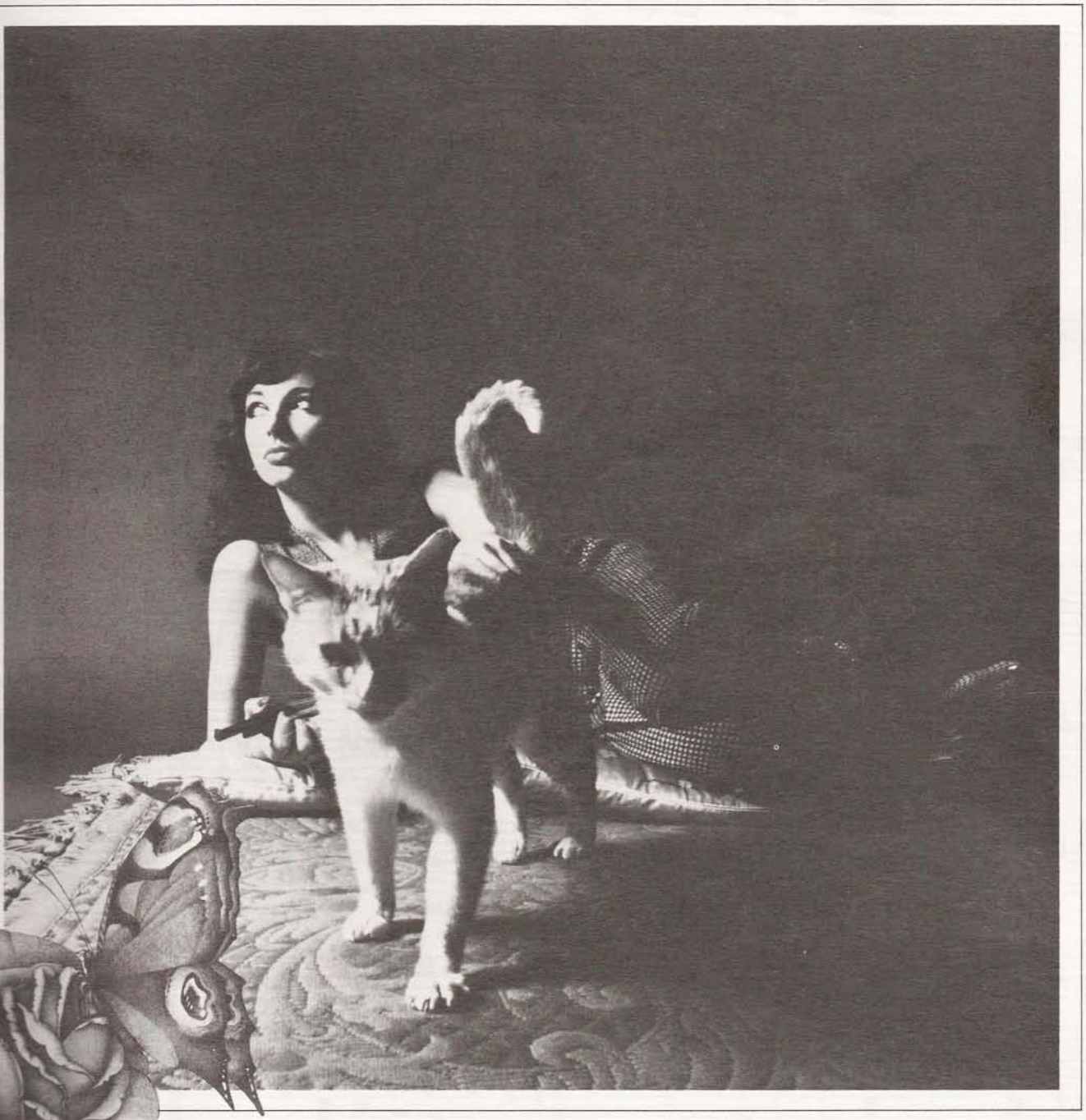

Break me e - mo-tion-'lly. It's near - ly kill - ing me, but what a
Eb Bb/D Bb Gb Fm7
D.S. al Coda
CODA
feel - ing.
Roll - ing the, roll - ing the, roll - ing the, ro
Bb
Ab Ebm Ab
CHORUS
Them hea - vy peo - ple hit me ___ in a soft _ spot.
Them hea - vy peo - pl
Ab Gb Db Ebm Ab Gb
Repeat
me,
them hea - vy peo-ple hit me ___ in a soft _ spot.
Ebm Ab Gb Db

ou'll find me in a Berlin Bar
a corner, brooding
ou know that I go very quiet
hen I am listening to you
here's something special indeed
all the places where I've seen you shine, boy
here's something very real in how I feel, honey

horus It's in me, it's in me – and you know it's for real
Tuning in your saxophone
Da-ba-do-ba-doo

The candle burning over your shoulder
Is throwing shadows on your saxophone
A surly lady in tremor
The stars that climb from her bowels
Those stars make towers on vowels
You'll never know that you had all of me
You'll never see the poetry you've stirred in me
Of all the stars I've seen that shine so brightly
I've never known or felt, in myself, so rightly

Chorus

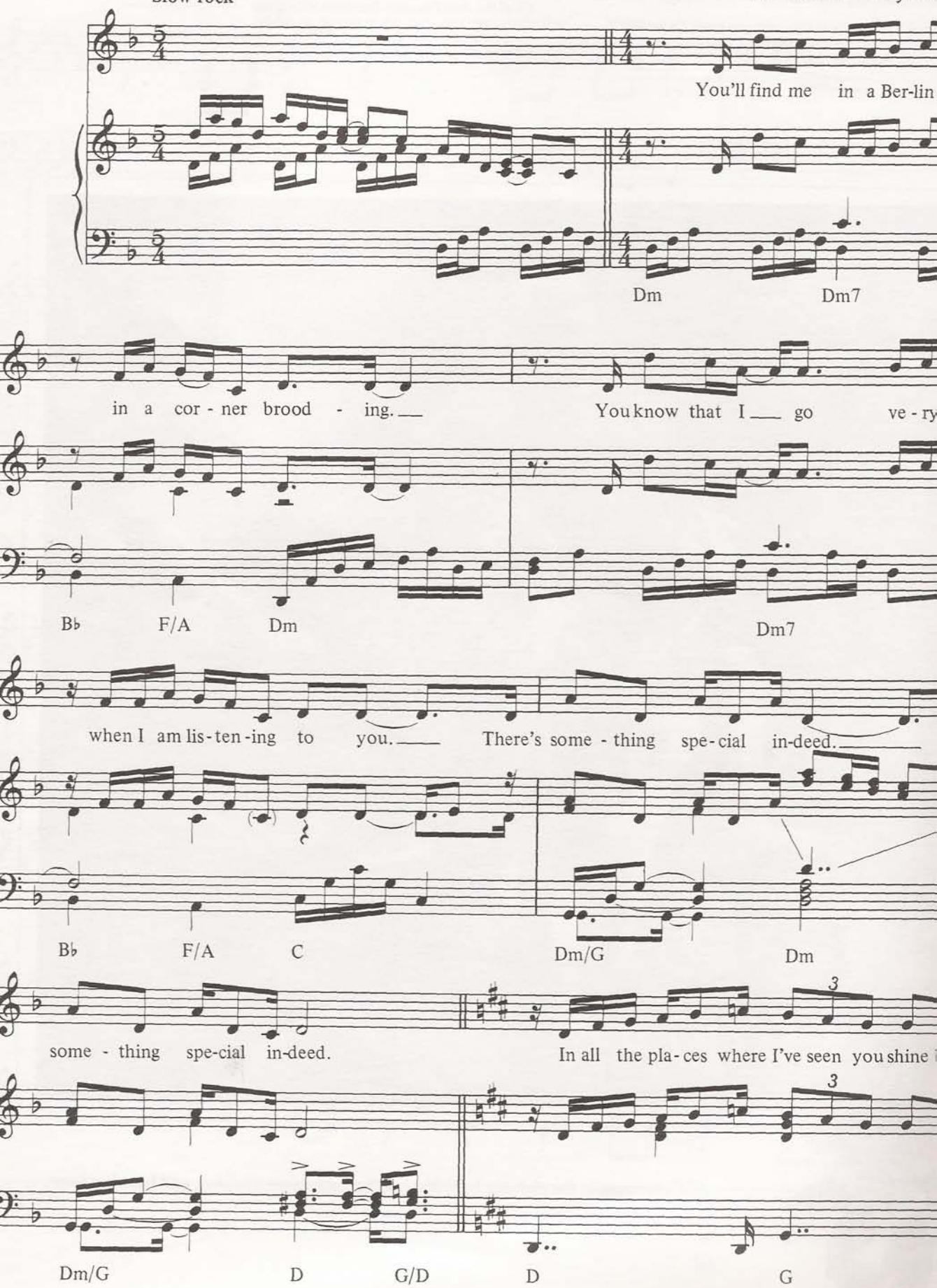


All the people in the club are babbling but the instrument is talking, and I can but listen.

Saxophone Song

Slow rock

Words and Music by Kat



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there's some-thing ve-ry real in how I feel hon - ey. It's in me,

D G Em C

it's in me - ee, and you know it's for real

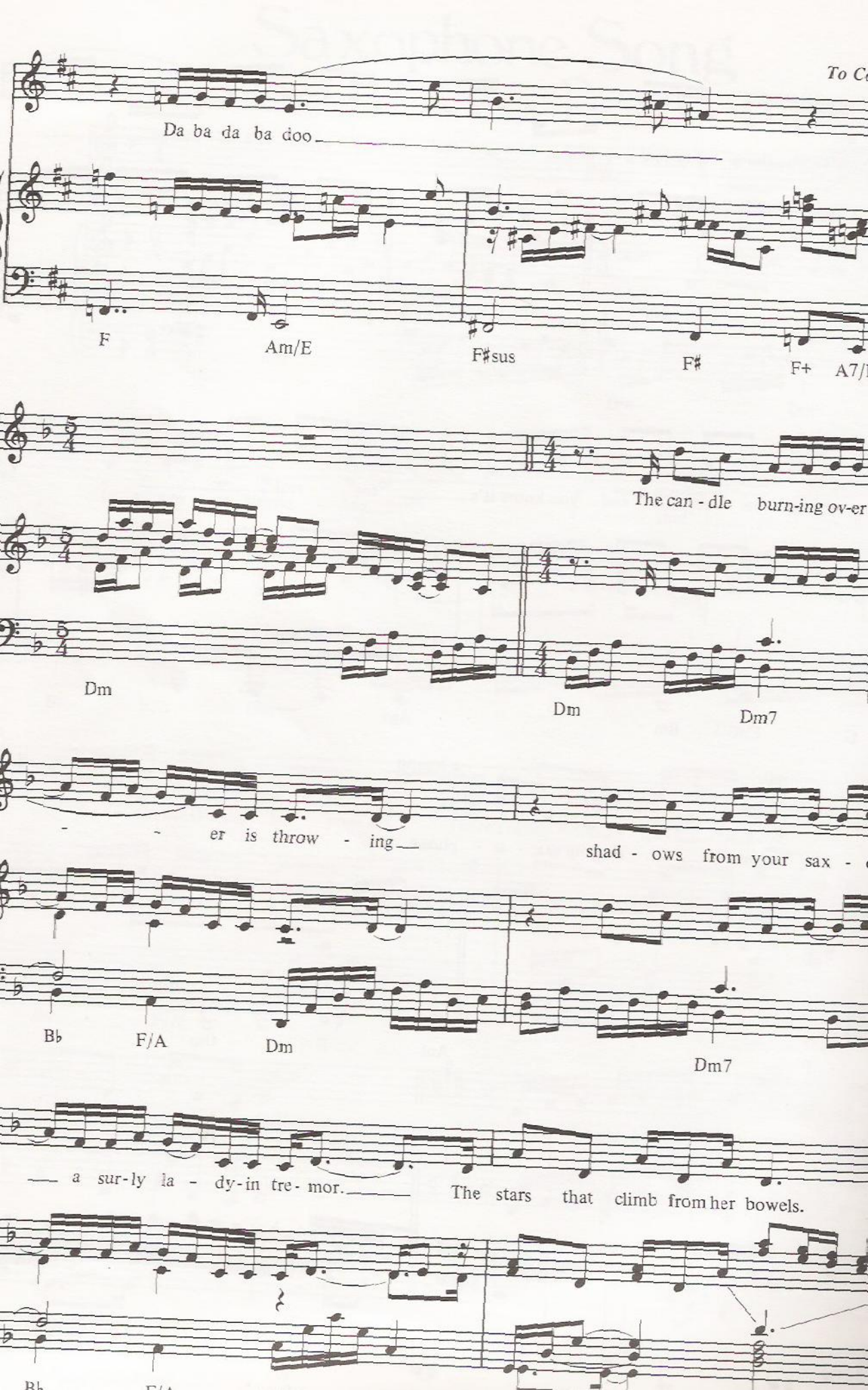
G Em Bm Am

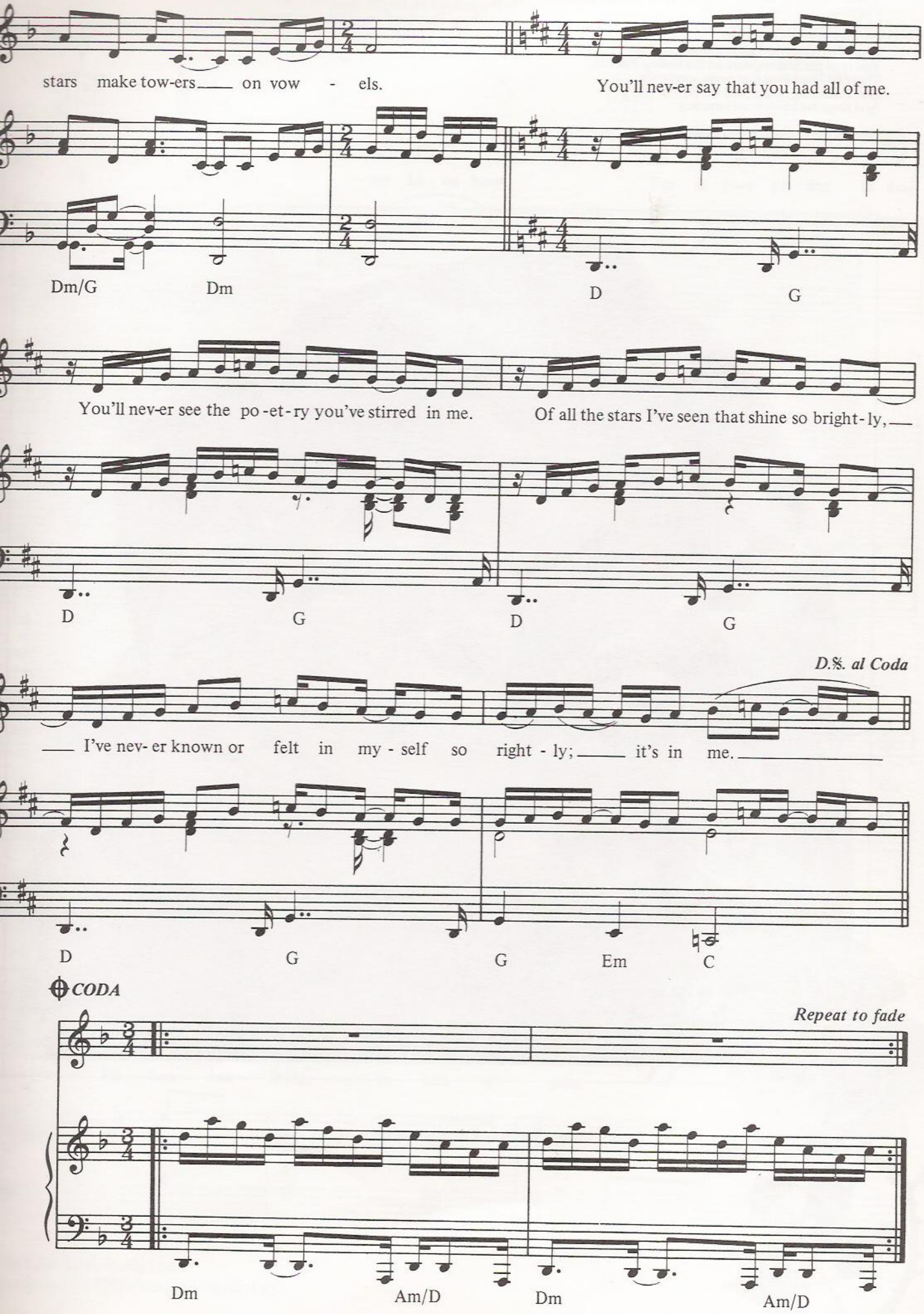
rall. a tempo

Tun-ing in on your sax - o - phone.

F Am F Dm

Am F Dm Am F Dm


To C
Da ba da ba doo
F
Am/E
F♯sus
F♯
F+
A7/
The can - dle burn-ing ov-er
Dm
Dm
Dm7
- er is throw - ing
shad - ows from your sax -
B♭
F/A
Dm
Dm7
a sur-ly la - dy-in tre- mor.
The stars that climb from her bowels.
B♭
F/A


stars make tow-ers on vow - els.
You'll nev-er say that you had all of me.
Dm/G
Dm
D
G
You'll nev-er see the po-et-ry you've stirred in me.
Of all the stars I've seen that shine so bright-ly,
D
G
D
G
D.S. al Coda
I've nev-er known or felt in my-self so right-ly; it's in me.
D
G
G
Em
C
CODA
Repeat to fade
Dm
Am/D
Dm
Am/D

Oh England My Lionheart

Oh England My Lionheart,
I'm in your garden fading fast in your arms
The soldiers soften, the war is over
The air-raid shelters are blooming clover,
Flapping umbrellas fill the lanes
My London Bridge in rain again
Oh England My Lionheart,
Peter Pan steals the kids in Kensington Park
You read me Shakespeare on the Rolling Thames,
That Old River Poet that never, ever ends
Our Thumping hearts hold the Ravens in,
And keep the tower from tumbling

Chorus Oh England My Lionheart,
I don't want to go

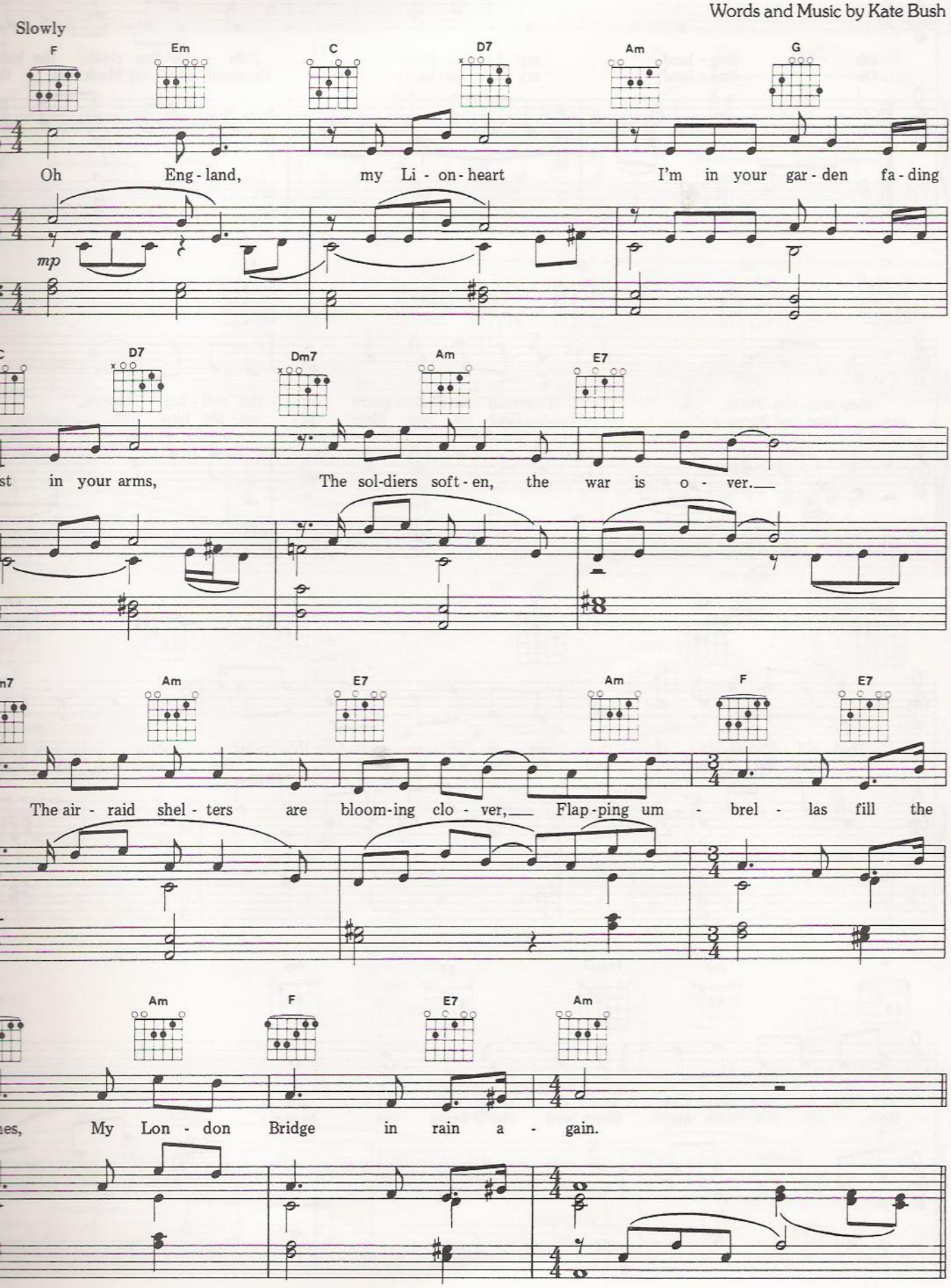
Oh England My Lionheart,
Dropped from my Black Spitfire to my funeral barge,
Give me one kiss in apple blossom,
Give me one wish and I'd be wassailing
In the orchard my English Rose,
Or with my Shepherd who'll bring me home

Chorus

Don't disturb the clover that grows on the past.

Oh England My Lionheart

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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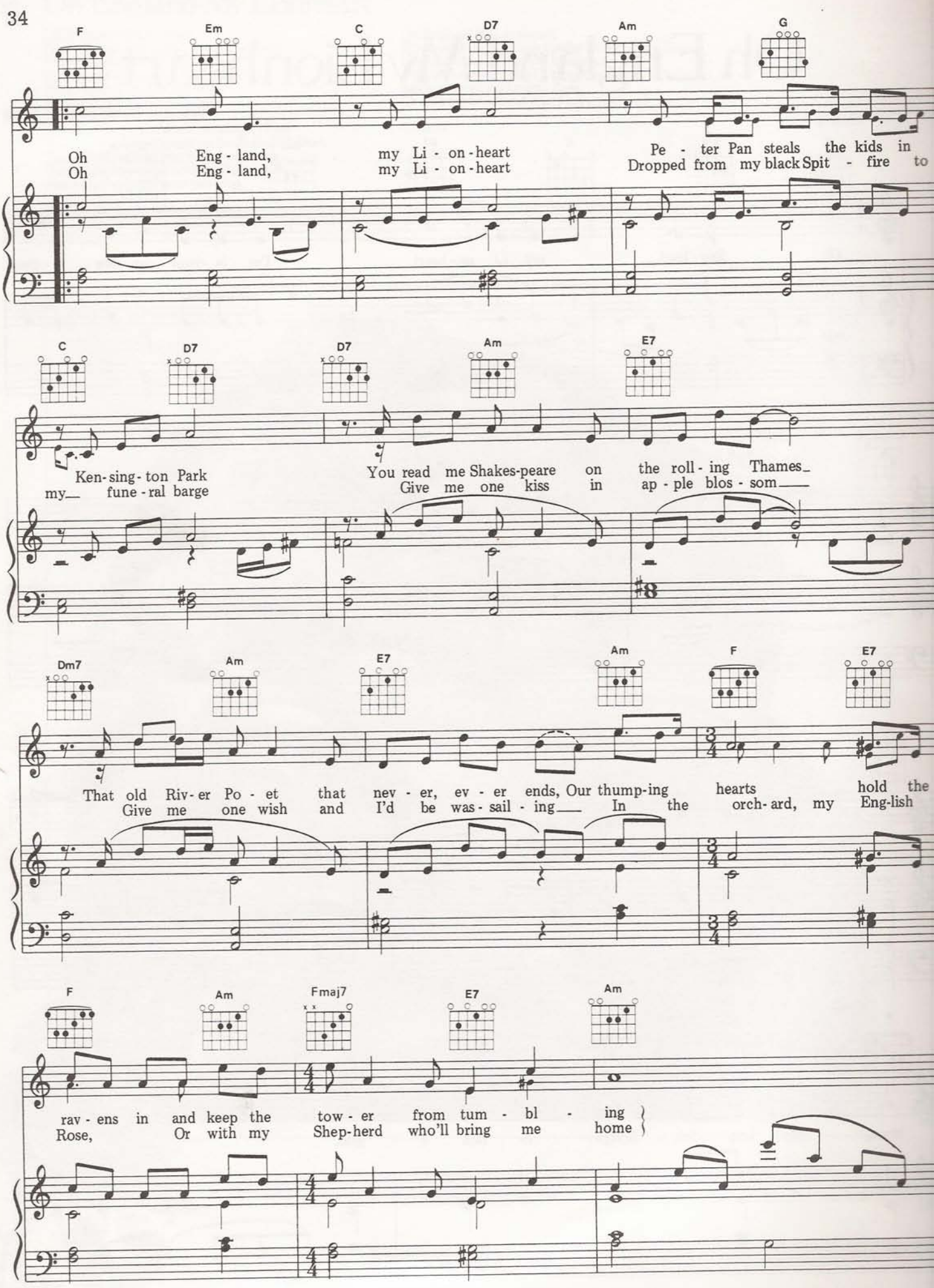
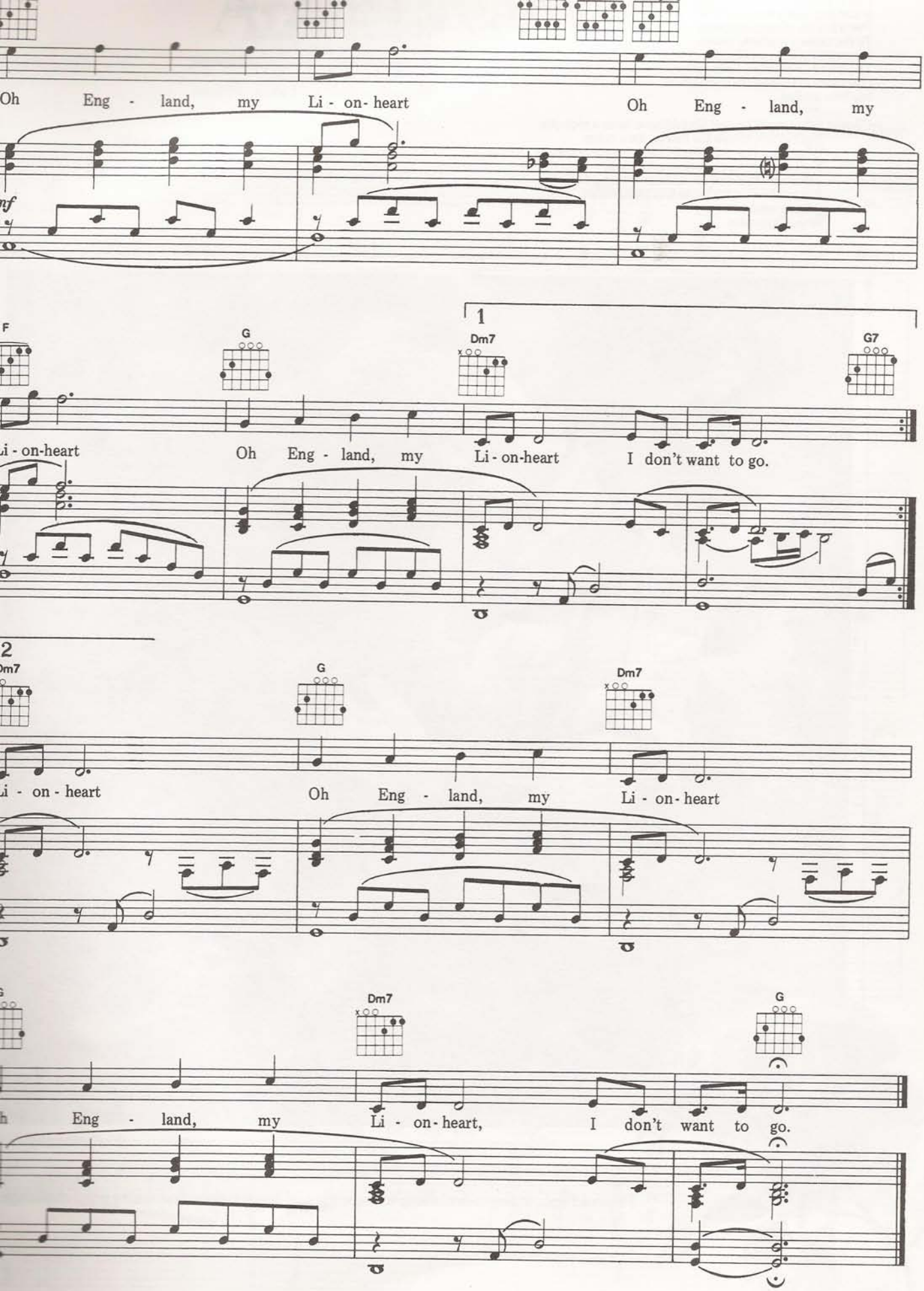

F Em C D7 Am G
Oh Eng - land, my Li - on - heart Pe - ter Pan steals the kids in
Oh Eng - land, my Li - on - heart Dropped from my black Spit - fire to
C D7 D7 Am E7
Ken - sing - ton Park You read me Shakes-peare on the roll - ing Thames
my fune - ral barge Give me one kiss in ap - ple blos - som
Dm7 Am E7 Am F E7
That old Riv - er Po - et that nev - er, ev - er ends, Our thump-ing hearts hold the
Give me one wish and I'd be was - sail - ing In the orch - ard, my Eng-lish
F Am Fmaj7 E7 Am
rav - ens in and keep the tow - er from tum - bl - ing
Rose, Or with my Shep-herd who'll bring me home


Oh Eng - land, my Li - on- heart
Oh Eng - land, my
mf
F
G
1
Dm7
G7
Li - on-heart
Oh Eng - land, my Li - on-heart I don't want to go.
2
Dm7
G
Dm7
Li - on - heart
Oh Eng - land, my Li - on - heart
G
Dm7
G
h Eng - land, my Li - on - heart, I don't want to go.

Army Dreamers

Our little Army Boy.
Is coming home from B.F.P.O.,
I've a bunch of purple flowers
To decorate a mammy's hero.
Mourning in the aerodrome,
The weather warmer, he is colder,
Four men in uniform to carry home
My little soldier.

Chorus What could he do? Should have been a rock star,
But he didn't have the money for a guitar.
What could he do? Should have been a politician,
But he never had a proper education.
What could he do? Should have been a father,
But he didn't even make it to his twenties.
What a waste,
Army Dreamers

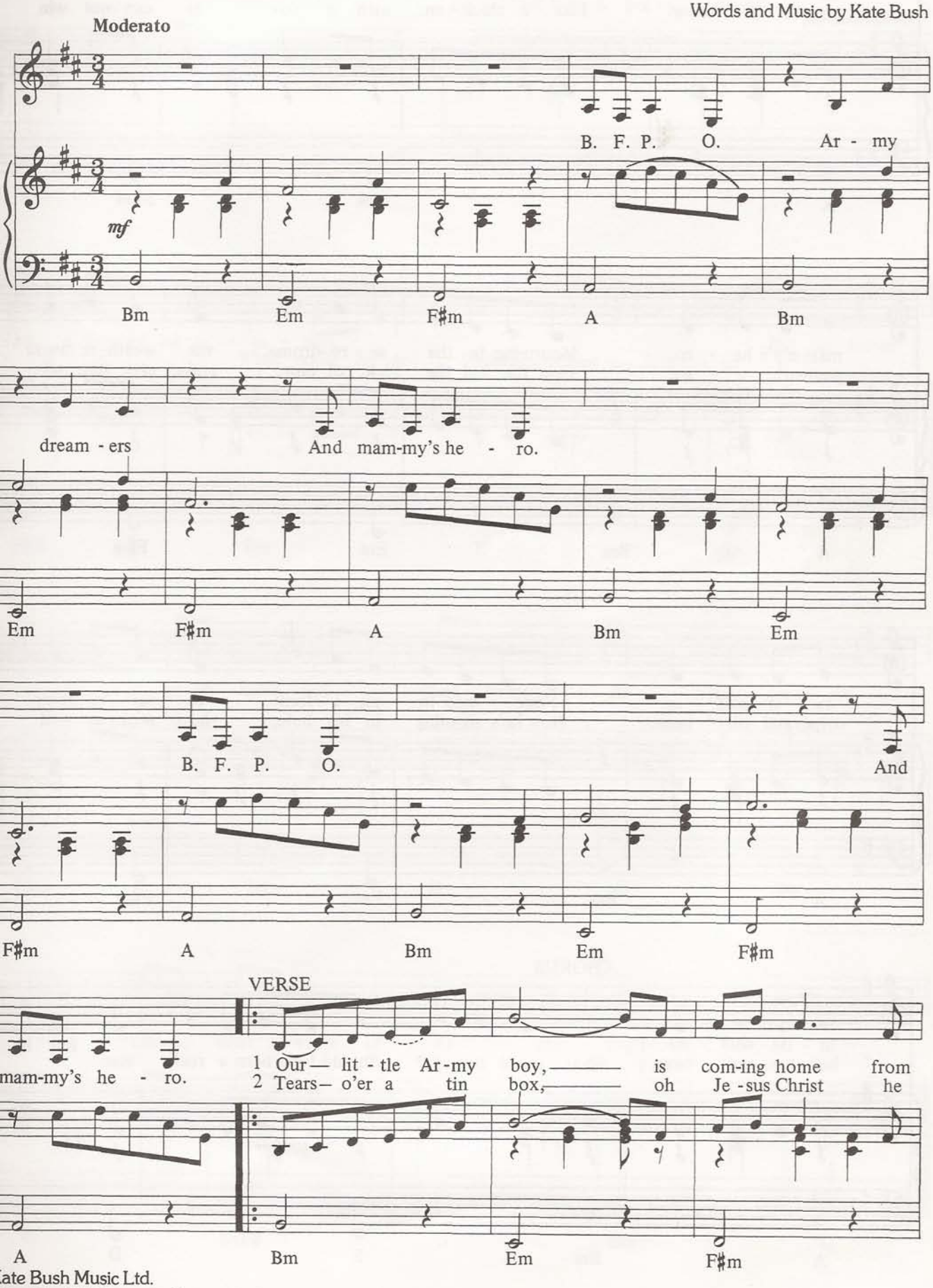
Tears o'er a tin box,
Oh Jesus Christ, he wasn't to know,
Like a chicken with a fox,
He cannot win the war with ego.
Give the kid the pick of pips,
And give him all your stripes and ribbons,
Now he's sitting in his hole,
He might as well have buttons and bows.

Chorus

Poor old ego, trying to find a way to be butch and brave only to find reality is the challenge.

Army Dreamers

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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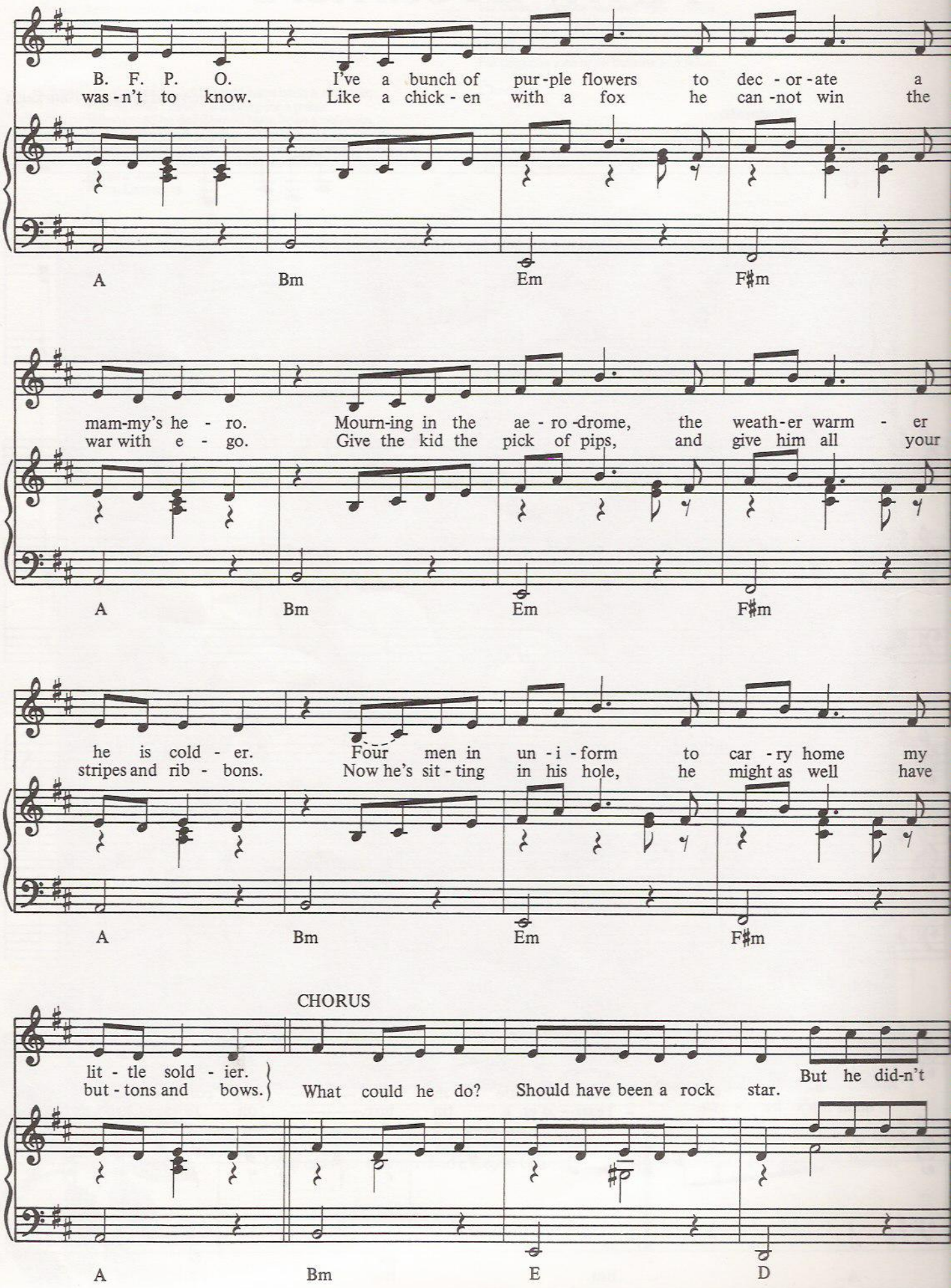
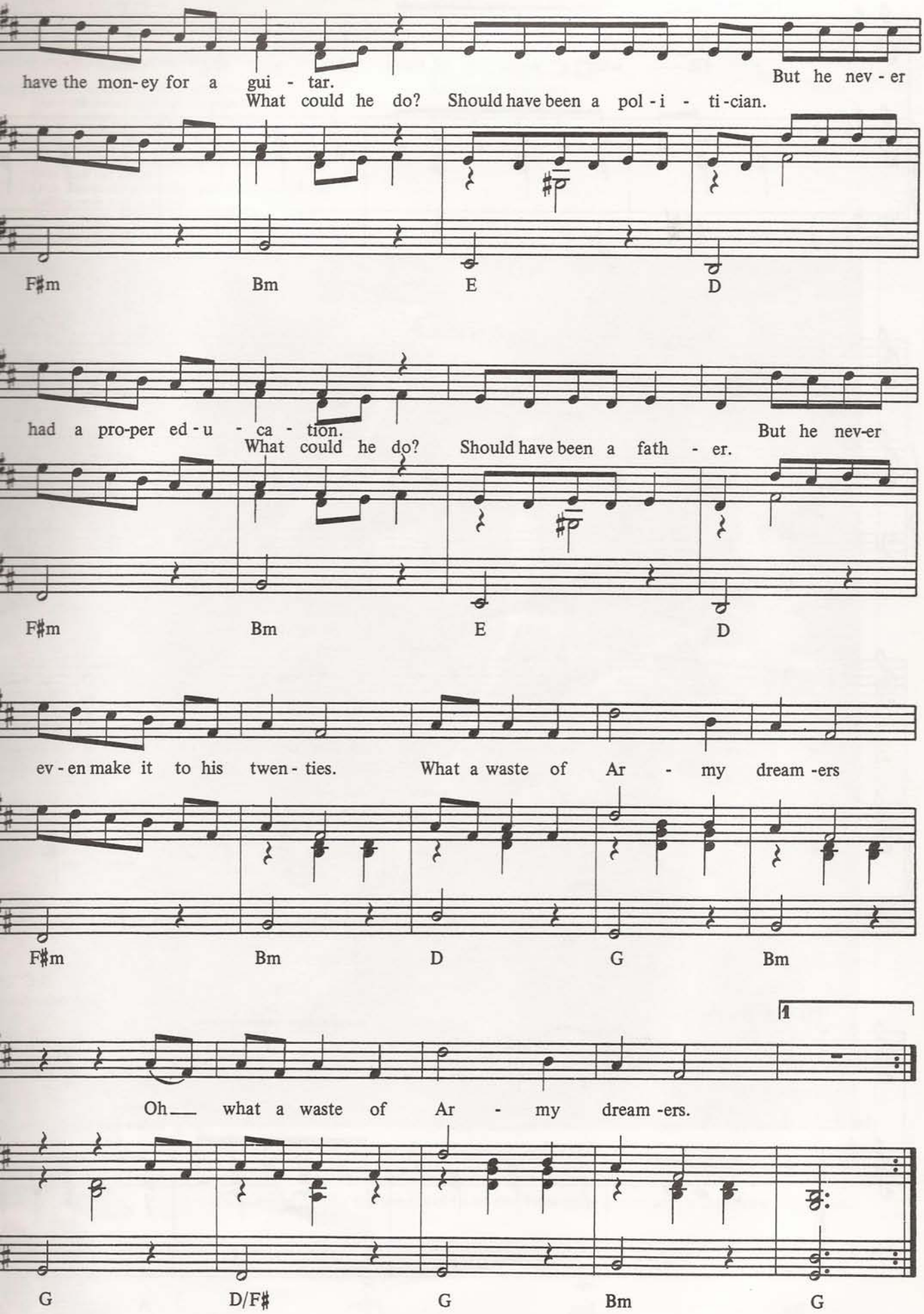

B. F. P. O. I've a bunch of pur-ple flowers to dec-or-ate a
was-n't to know. Like a chick-en with a fox he can-not win the
A Bm Em F♯m
mam-my's he-ro. Mourn-ing in the ae-ro-drome, the weath-er warm-er
war with e-go. Give the kid the pick of pips, and give him all your
A Bm Em F♯m
he is cold-er. Four men in un-i-form to car-ry home my
stripes and rib-bons. Now he's sit-ting in his hole, he might as well have
A Bm Em F♯m
CHORUS
lit-tle sold-ier.
but-tons and bows.
What could he do? Should have been a rock star.
But he did-n't
A Bm E D


have the mon-ey for a gui - tar. But he nev - er
What could he do? Should have been a pol - i - ti-cian.
F♯m Bm E D
had a pro-per ed - u - ca - tion. But he nev-er
What could he do? Should have been a fath - er.
F♯m Bm E D
ev - en make it to his twen - ties. What a waste of Ar - my dream -ers
F♯m Bm D G Bm
1
Oh___ what a waste of Ar - my dream -ers.
G D/F♯ G Bm G

James And The Cold Gun

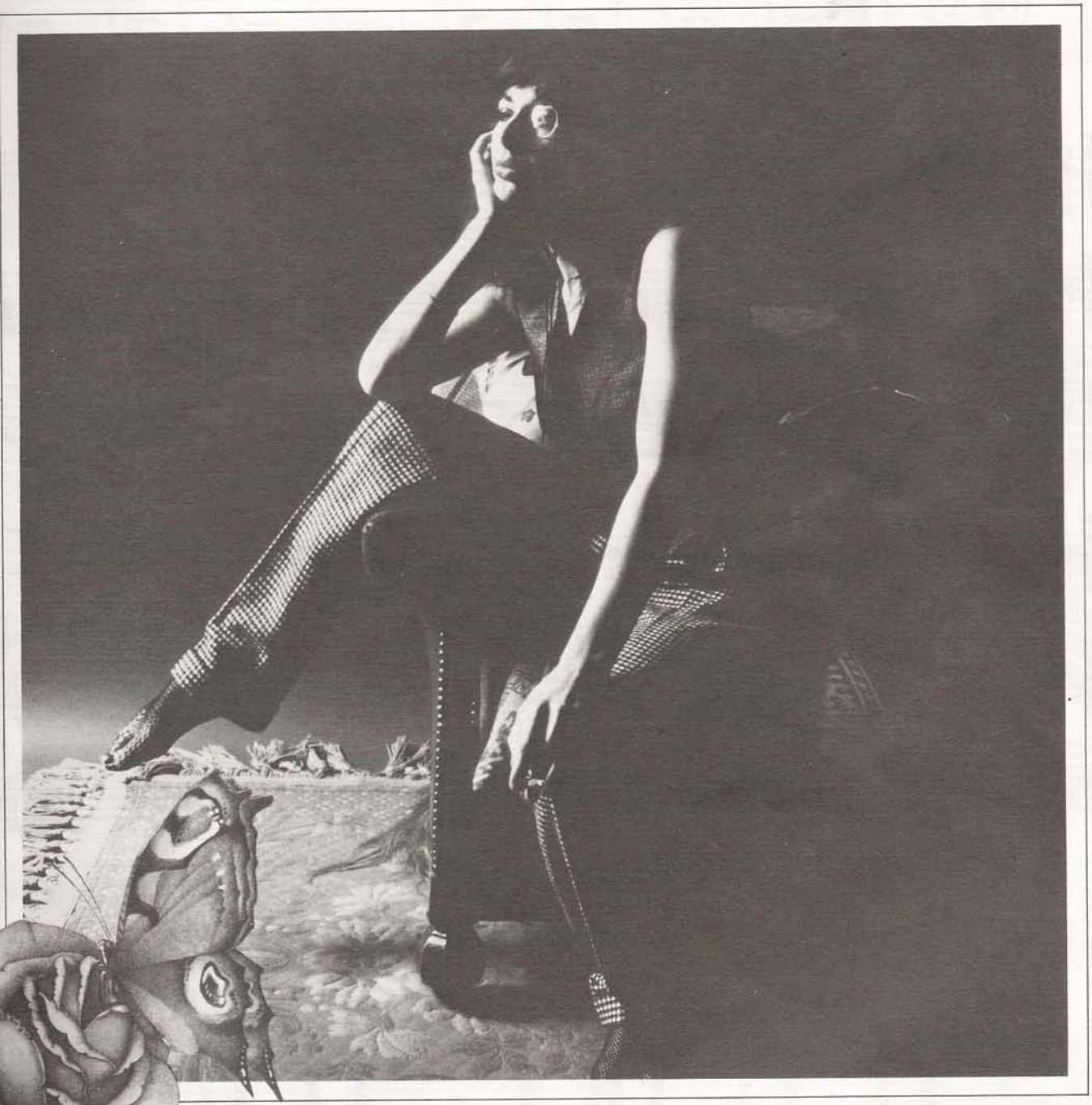
James, come on home
You've been gone too long baby
We can't let our hero die alone
We miss you day and night
You left town to live by the rifle
You left us to fight
But it just ain't right to take away the light

Chorus Remember Genie, from the casino
She's still a-waiting in her big brass bed
The boys from your gang are knocking whisky back
'Till they get out of hand
And wish they were dead
They're only lonely for the life that they led
With their old friend
Ooh, James are you selling your soul to a cold gun?
Selling your soul to a, ooh.
James are you selling your soul to a cold gun?

Where lies your heart?
It's not there in the buckskin baby
It's not there in the gin that makes you laugh long and loud

You're a coward James
You're running away from humanity
You're running out on reality
It won't be funny when they
Rat-a-tat-tat you down

Chorus



It's hot and sandy, the land is old and dry, here rides a man with a sheet of ice by his side.

James And The Cold Gun

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Moderato

mf

Bbm7 Ab/Bb Ebm7 Bbm7 Ab/Bb Ebm7

James_ come on home_
Where_ lies your heart?_

Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm

You've been_gone too long ba - by we can't_let our he-ro die_
It's not there_ in the buck-skin ba - by, It's not there_ in the gin_ that makes you laugh

Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm

_ a - lone._ We miss_ you day and night,_
_ long and loud_ you're a cow-ard, James_

Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm

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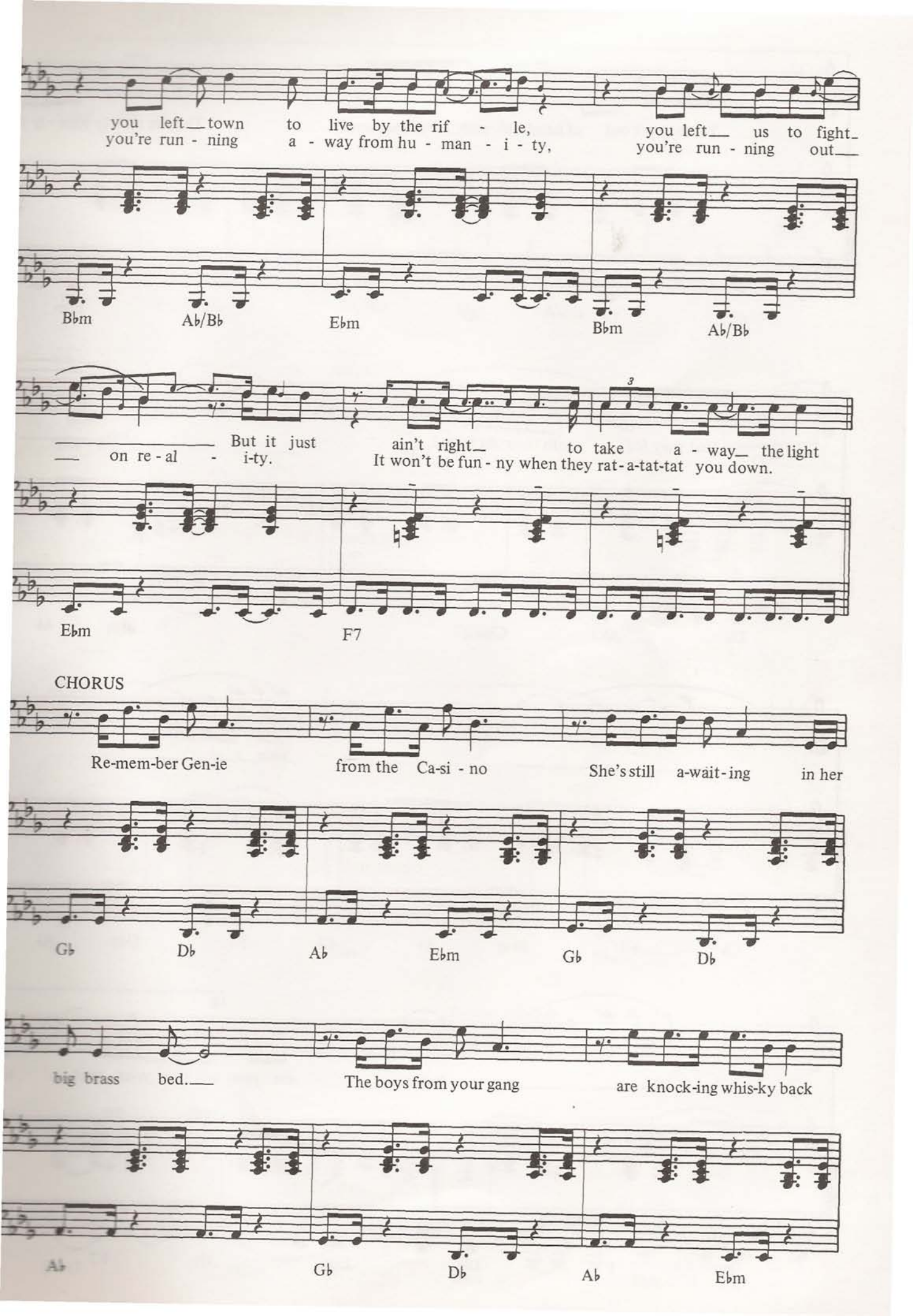

you left town to live by the rif - le, you left us to fight
you're run - ning a - way from hu - man - i - ty, you're run - ning out
Bbm Ab/Bb Ebm Bbm Ab/Bb
But it just ain't right to take a - way the light
on re - al - i-ty. It won't be fun - ny when they rat-a-tat-tat you down.
Ebm F7
CHORUS
Re-mem-ber Gen-ie from the Ca-si - no She's still a-wait-ing in her
Gb Db Ab Ebm Gb Db
big brass bed. The boys from your gang are knock-ing whis-ky back
Ab Gb Db Ab Ebm

Till they get out of hand and wish they were dead They're on - ly lone - ly for the

Gb Db Ab Gb Ebm

life that they led with their old friend. Ooh

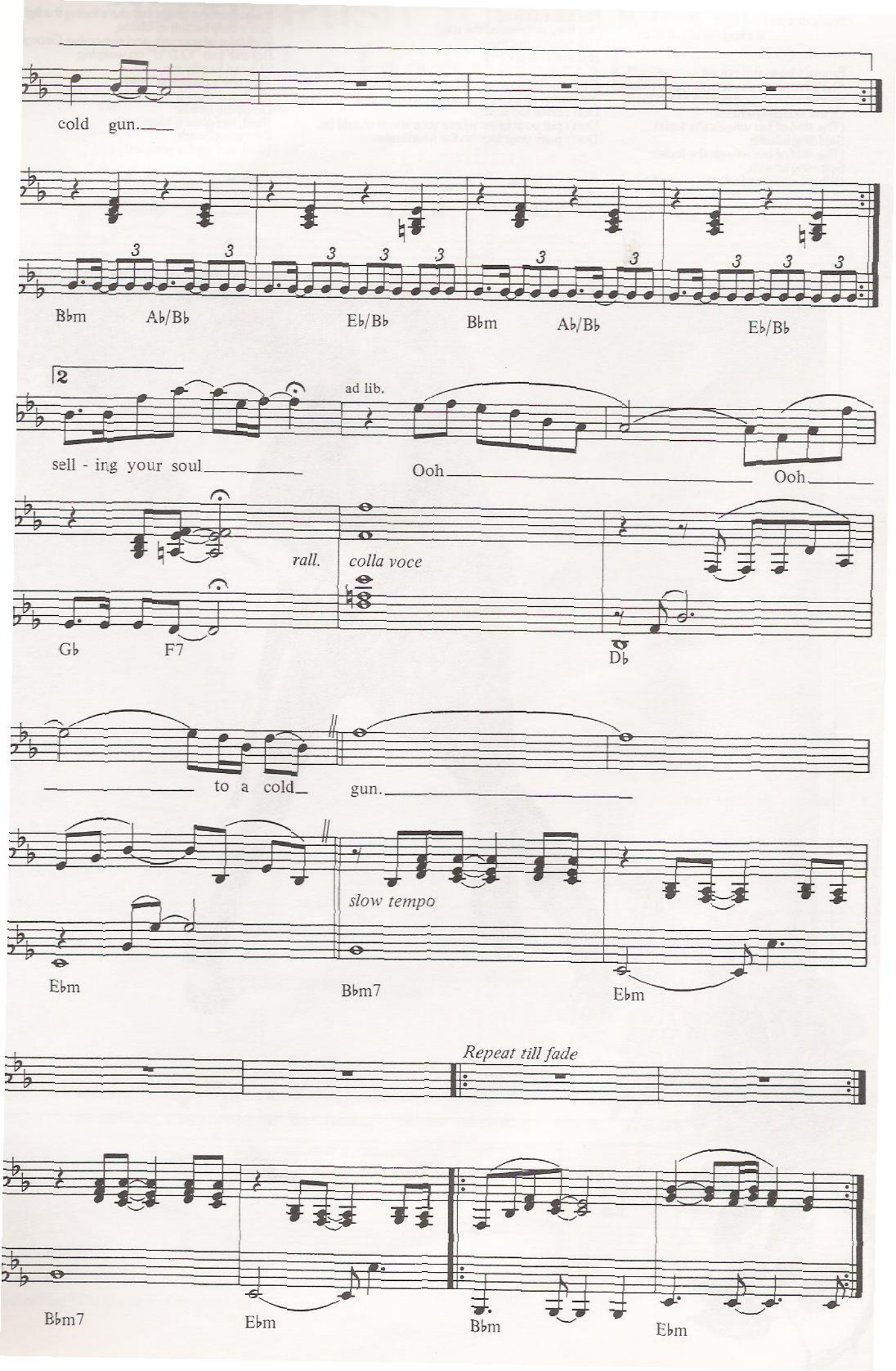
Db Ab Gbmaj7 Bbm Ab

ooh

Gb F7 Bbm Ab Gb F7 Bbm Ab

Ooh James, are you sell - ing your soul to a

Gb F7 Db Ebm Gb F7


cold gun.
Bbm
Ab/Bb
Eb/Bb
Bbm
Ab/Bb
Eb/Bb
2
ad lib.
sell - ing your soul
Ooh
Ooh
rall.
colla voce
Gb
F7
Db
to a cold
gun.
slow tempo
Ebm
Bbm7
Ebm
Repeat till fade
Bbm7
Ebm
Bbm
Ebm

Don't Push Your Foot On The Heartbrake

Emma's come down,
She's stopped the light
shining out of her eyes.

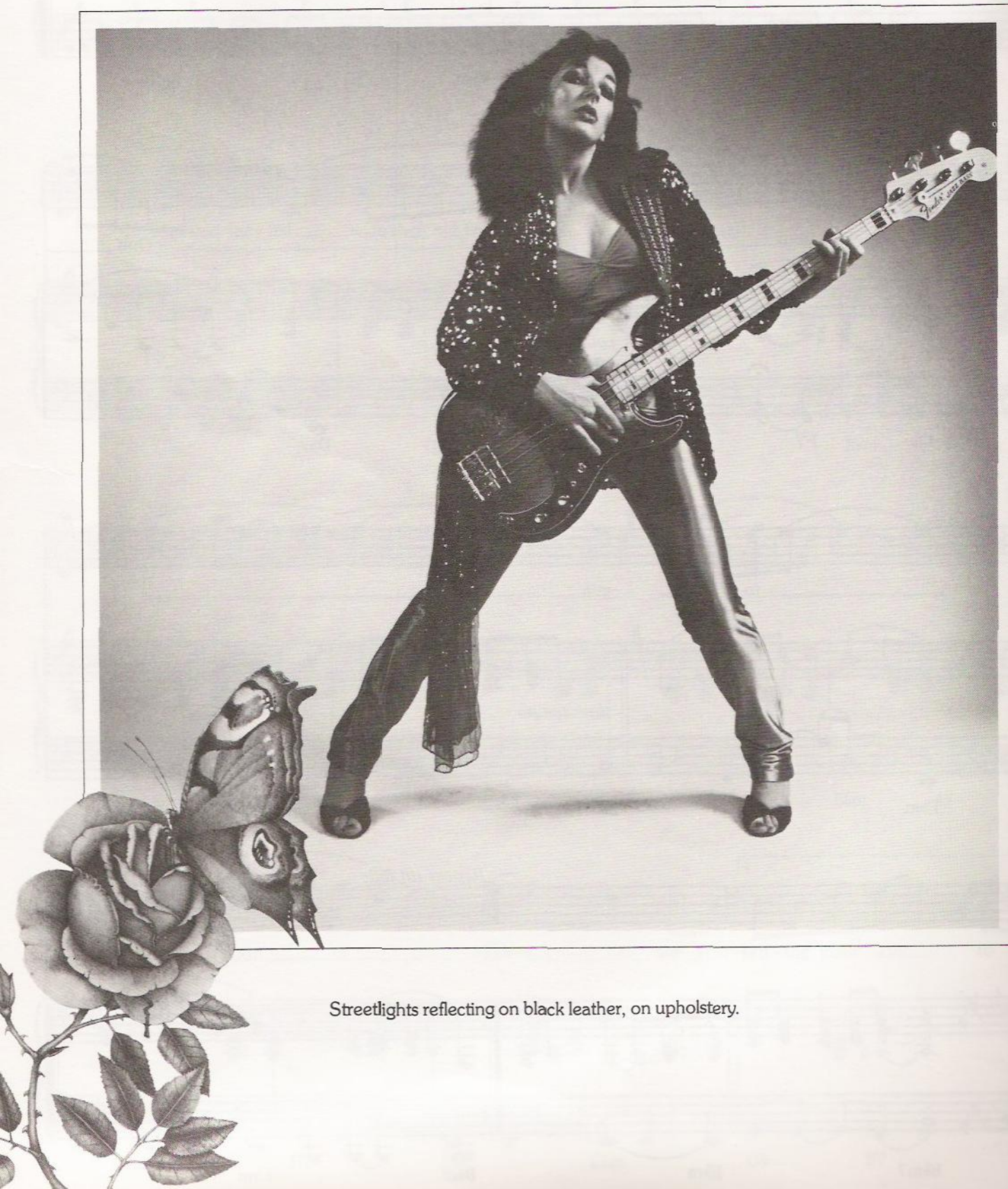
Emma's been run out on,
She's breaking down in so many places,
Stuck in low gear, because of her fears,
Of the skidding wheels,
(The skid of her wheels she feels).
Skidding wheels,
(The skid of her wheels she feels).
Spinning wheels,
(Wheel-skidding feeling).

Chorus
Her heart is there,
But they've greased the road,
Her heart is out there,
But she's no control.

Oh come on, you've got to use your flow,
You know what it's like, and you know you want to go,
Don't drive too slowly.
Don't put your blues where your shoes should be.
Don't push your foot on the heartbrake.

She's losing that inner flame,
It was burning bright but she's losing the fight fast
She's only herself to blame,
Well take of yourself, and remember Georgie,
But she's so "O.D.'d" on weeping
She can hardly see,
That she's dropping beads,
(Red, red glass is bleeding)
Dropping beads,
(Red, red glass is bleeding)
Dropping Beads,
(Red, red on the parquet).

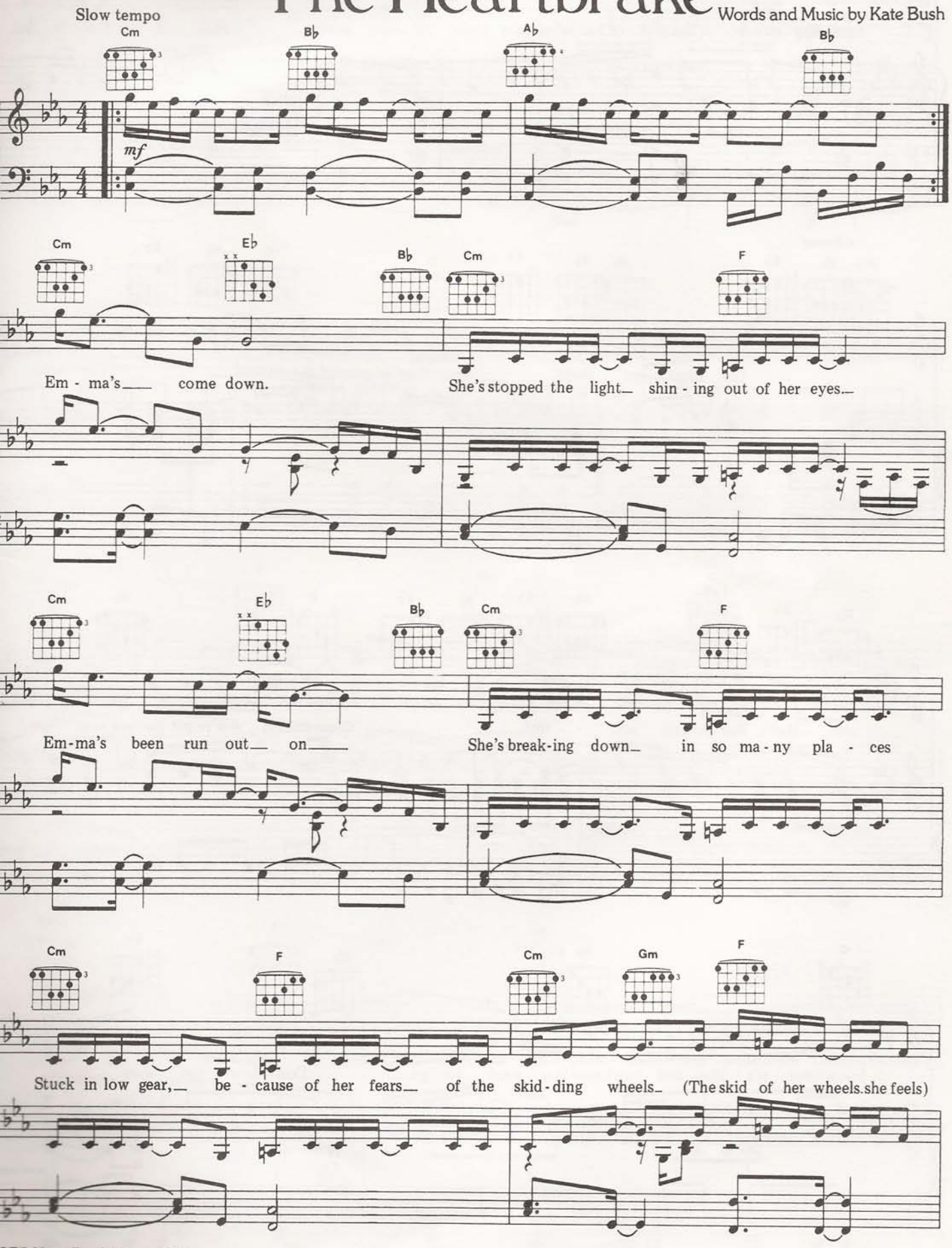
Chorus



Streetlights reflecting on black leather, on upholstery.

Don't Push Your Foot On The Heartbrake

Words and Music by Kate Bush



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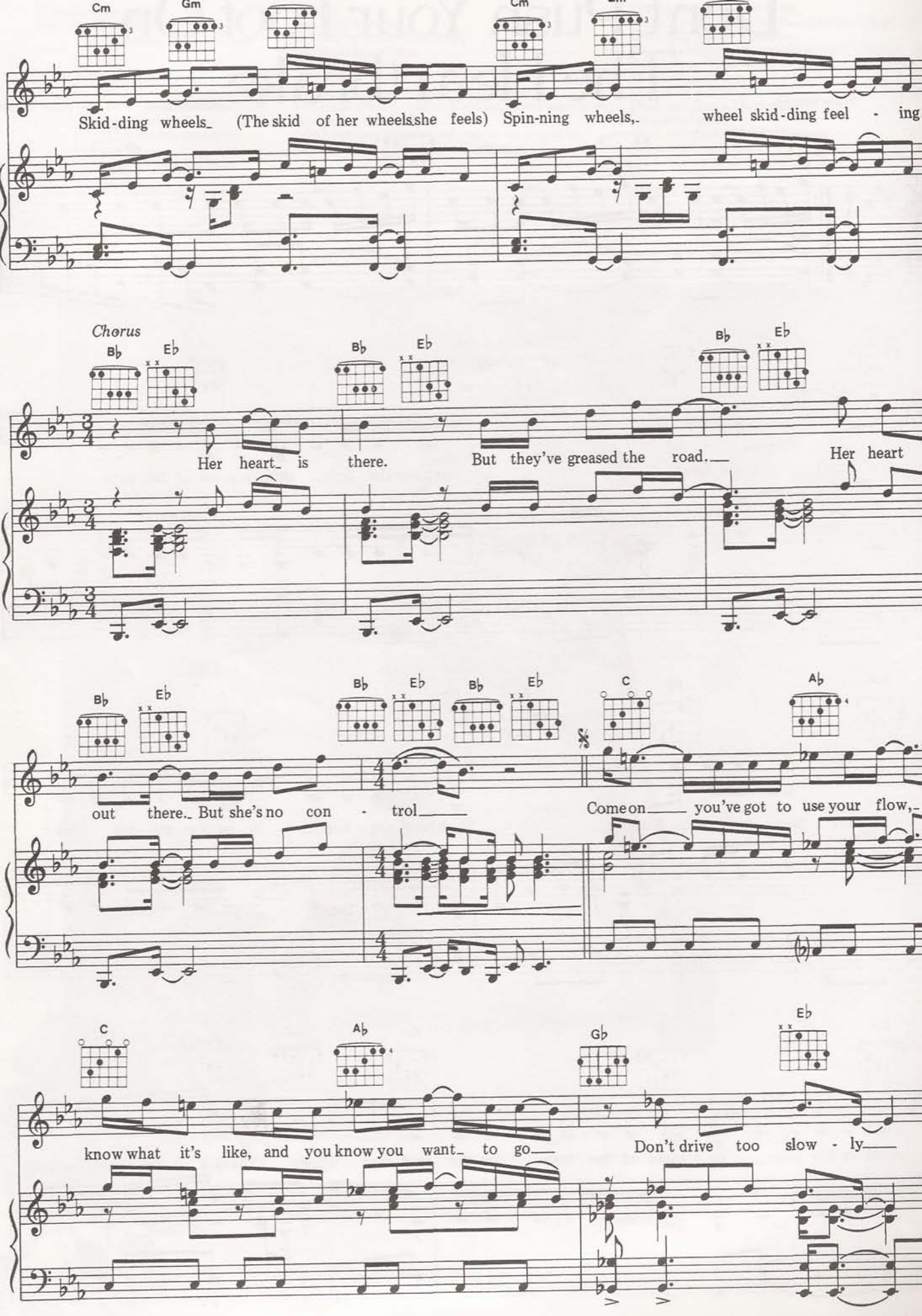
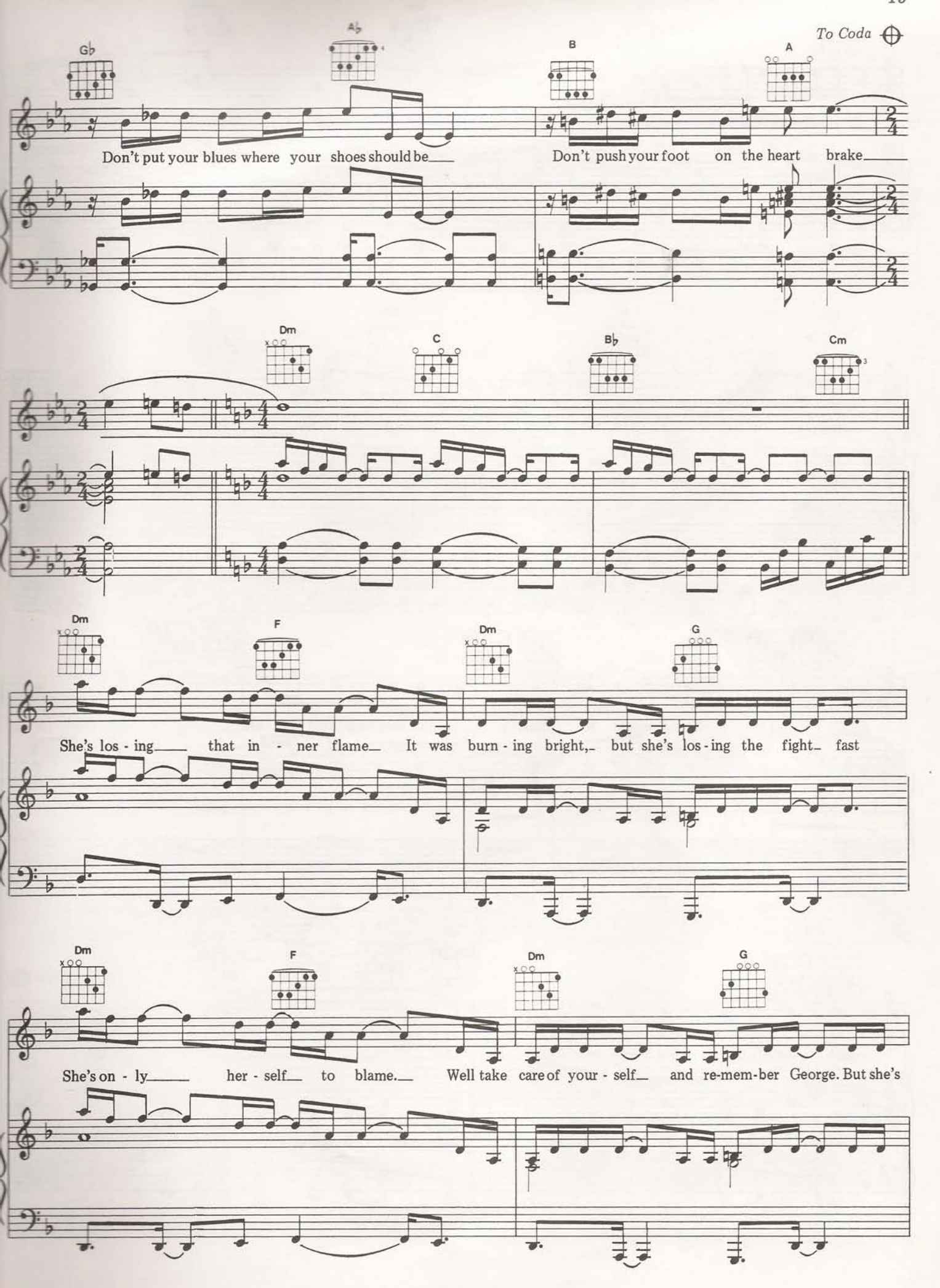
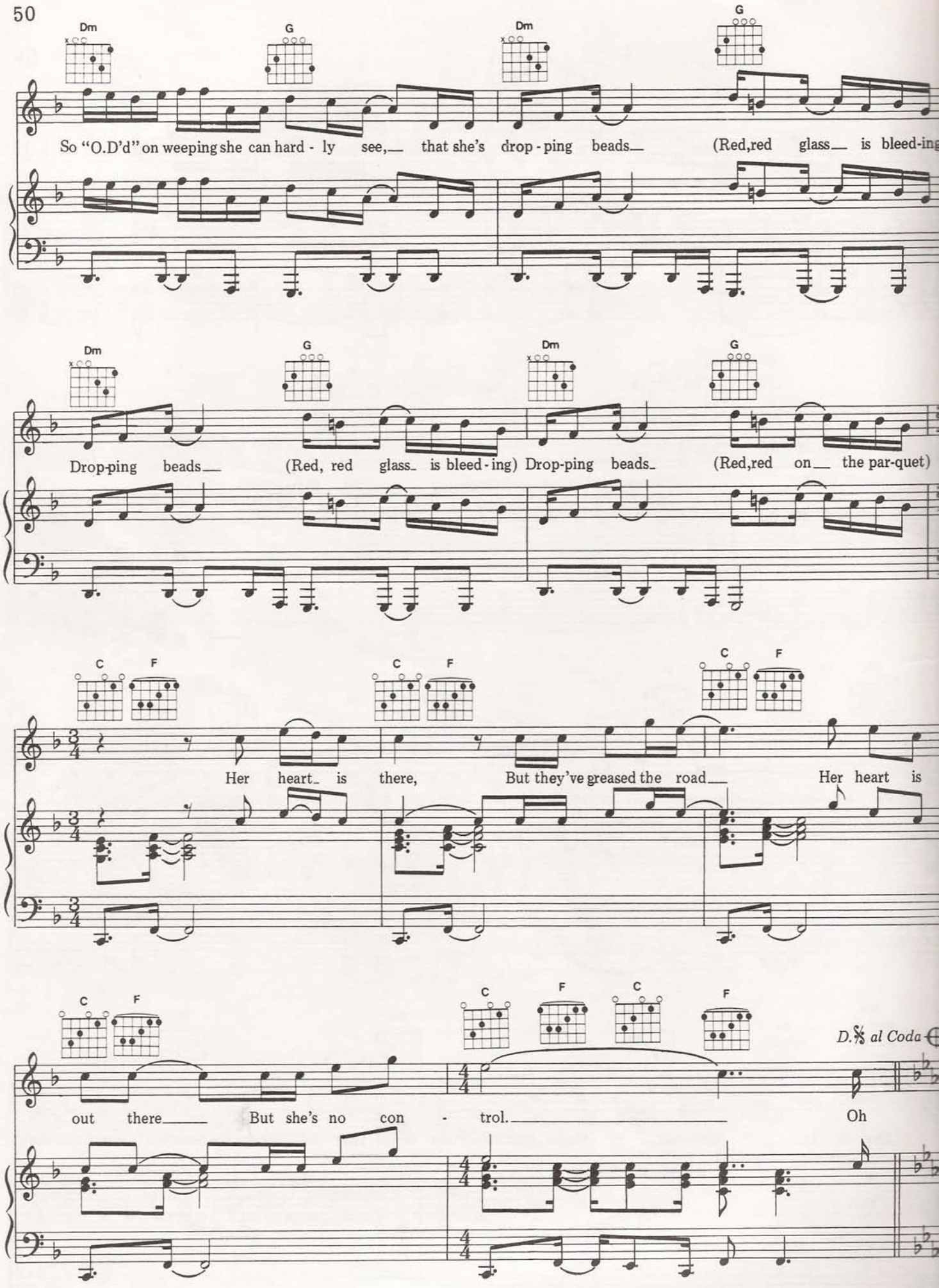
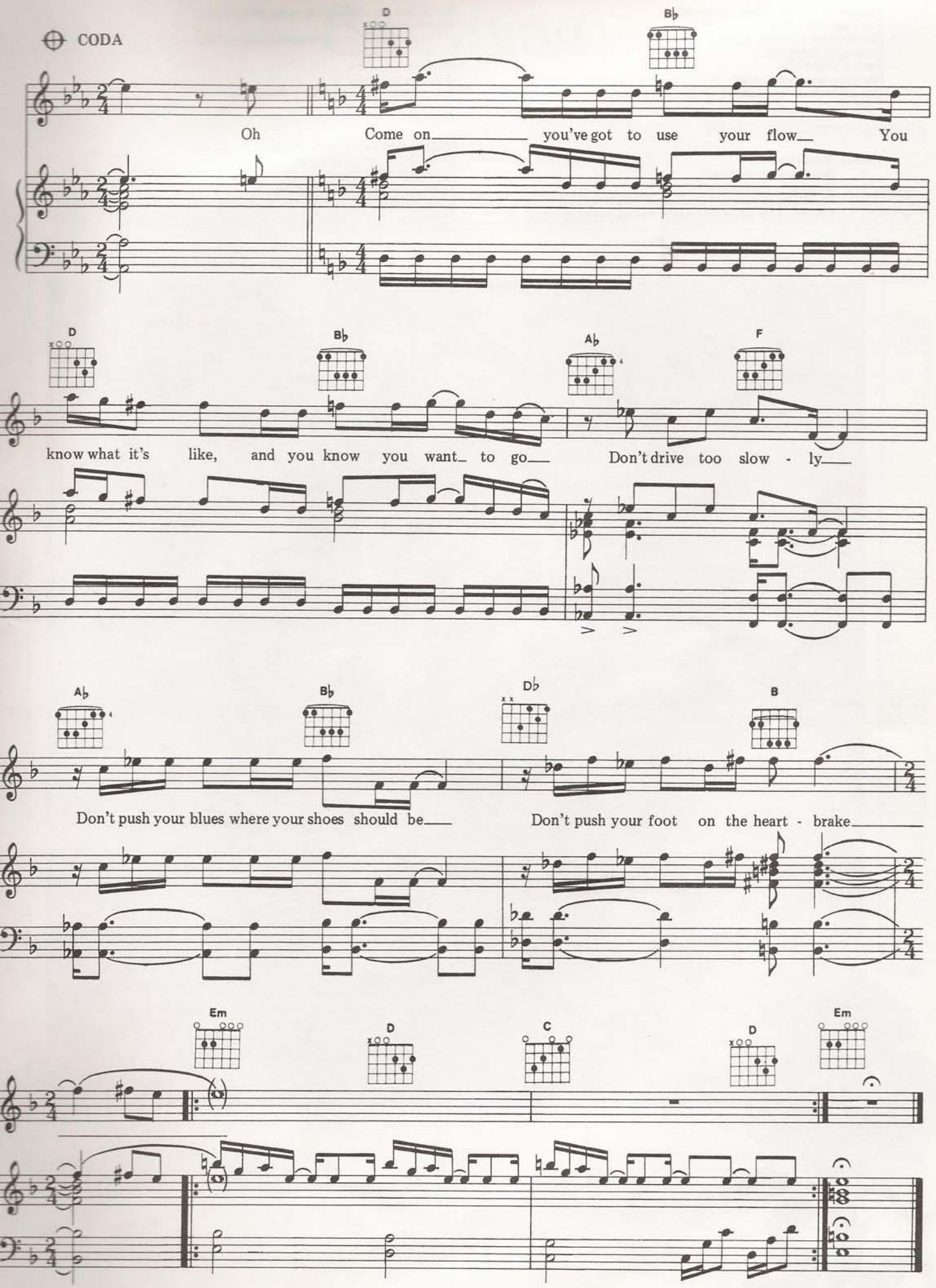

Cm Gm Cm
Skid-ding wheels (The skid of her wheels she feels) Spin-ning wheels, wheel skid-ding feel - ing
Chorus
Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb Eb
Her heart is there. But they've greased the road. Her heart
Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb Eb C Ab
out there. But she's no con - trol Come on you've got to use your flow,
C Ab Gb Eb
know what it's like, and you know you want to go Don't drive too slow - ly


To Coda
Gb
Ab
B
A
Don't put your blues where your shoes should be
Don't push your foot on the heart brake
Dm
C
Bb
Cm
Dm
F
Dm
G
She's los - ing that in - ner flame It was burn - ing bright, but she's los - ing the fight fast
Dm
F
Dm
G
She's on - ly her - self to blame. Well take care of your - self and re-mem-ber George. But she's


Dm
G
Dm
G
So "O.D'd" on weeping she can hard - ly see, that she's drop - ping beads (Red, red glass is bleed-ing
Dm
G
Dm
G
Drop-ping beads (Red, red glass is bleed - ing) Drop-ping beads (Red, red on the par-quet)
C
F
C
F
C
F
Her heart is there, But they've greased the road Her heart is
C
F
C
F
C
F
D.S. al Coda
out there But she's no con - trol. Oh


CODA
D
B♭
Oh Come on you've got to use your flow You
know what it's like, and you know you want to go
A♭
F
Don't drive too slow - ly
Don't push your blues where your shoes should be
D♭
B
Don't push your foot on the heart - brake
Em
C